AMERICA'S PART IN THE GREAT WAR

GEORGE STANLEY

NO one to-day will dispute the fact that we are a peace-loving nation; and probably few could be found outside the United States who do not believe that our love of peace, and its correlates, so fill our minds we can think of little else—that, come what may, we must have peace ourselves. We may desire the peace of the world, but—only that our own may not be disturbed. We may not seriously concern ourselves with what the outsider thinks, as we seem to be doing, but it would be difficult to convince some Americans that we are wholly disinterested in our devotion to the cause of peace.

If the Peace-at-any-Price Party—which would seem to be the one that prevails at Washington—has a sincere desire for the peace of the world, in behalf of civilization and humanity, will it explain why we missed so great an opportunity as came to us before the war broke out, and while peace in Europe was still possible?

We were the only great nation not involved in the controversy; our voice everywhere was the voice of authority, because of the principles we have proclaimed which were believed to inspire the spirit of the American people. We have declared that ours is the newer civilization of liberty, justice and humanity; that our place is in the forefront among the nations in the twentieth century development, because of our brighter and greater light, the stride and uplift we have given humanity toward the ideals that exalted a nation, and not alone for ourselves, but for all mankind. Our voice has gone throughout the world, that the world might know—for we are not as those who would hide their light under a bushel, or dim its glow where another shines. Not only are we a blessing to ourselves, but to the whole race, and all that is needed is to behold the torch that enlightens to the paths of peace and progress.

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Never was there a greater occasion, or more grandly staged, the greatest that will ever be offered to a peace-loving people, than that which presented itself before the opening of hostilities—and what did we do? We tendered a weak-kneed, hesitant offer of mediation, and the instant war was declared our Peace Party broke into a panic of parades and other foolish demonstrations, as if to warn the belligerents that we were strictly out of it, and were not to be drawn in at any price.

Had we lived up to our principles, to the spirit of Americanism—and to our duty, as a leading Power, with vast international interests, life and property and the dignity of the nation in the scale—we might not have been invited to sit at the table and tell the contending Powers how to settle the difficulty; it is certain Germany would have entered an emphatic objection; Germany had already settled the question, and would not have brooked any outside "interference"; the Entente Powers, though on the same side as we—for continued peace, might not themselves have agreed to our taking any active part, though it is improbable that they would have refused us a hearing, if we had practical suggestions looking to the preservation of peace. But that is not the point. We would have been heard. Whether our proffer of mediation had been accepted or rejected could have no effect upon the force or carrying power of our voice, and the world would have listened, Germany included, if it listened involuntarily. We could have suggested a settlement, without prejudice, and to this end, favored the appointment of a commission composed of neutrals, to examine the facts and points of difference, to take the testimony of the opposing Powers, and to report the findings with recommendations. We could have clearly defined our position, declared that in the event of war, we should observe an impartial neutrality, but reserved the right to protest, or interpose, should our rights be molested, American life or property destroyed, or neutral territory invaded; that we should insist upon the fulfilment of treaties guarantee-

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ing neutrality to which the United States Government was a signatory, and that violation of international law or the recognized rules of warfare would meet with the disapproval of the American government.

Without precedent, perhaps; but what has precedent to do with it, if it stands in the way, where a great crime that would involve the world is threatened, and, as it has proved, a crime without precedent in the world's history, in its disregard for international law and of the common dictates of humanity? Is not the peace-maker always precedent enough when trouble brews? And could we for a moment consider mere usage, with the issues at stake?

What interested us was peace, and had we thought more of it than of our inept neutrality—Germany never would have drawn the sword.

We were the one great nation of potentialities, the one great nation among the neutrals that would have to be reckoned with (as Germany believed then), from whom she anticipated a benevolent neutrality, if not a veiled enmity to Great Britain, that would operate to her disadvantage, but to Germany's gain. Germany's "unofficial" publicity campaign in this country, the activity of her professors both in Germany and here, the "patriotism" of the German-Americans, and the meddling with our government by von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, in the opening stage of the war, were the corollaries of that anticipation, as they were also evidences of Germany's disappointment and of her contempt for the weakness of a great civilizing Power.

Our lady-like offer of mediation gave Germany an illumination; the rest of the world wondered whether our Americanism was anything more than merely a vent for noisy Chauvinism—something for everybody to look at, but never to be put to work.

We had the opportunity of writing the greatest chapter in history; but as it transpired, we wrote ourselves down a nation of pretenders.

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Another great opportunity came to us—another great obligation, when Germany invaded Belgium. But we were harmless, supine—and neutral—and Germany knew. We were a signatory to the treaty of 1907, guaranteeing the neutrality of Belgium, but Germany knew that we would be quiescent, as if we shared the view that the treaty was "only a scrap of paper!" Germany was free to "hack her way through," and to carry on a war of frightfulness on defenseless non-combatants, the old and feeble, women and children, that even surpassed the enormities of Atilla and Borgia, the monsters of history. **Our silence—and neutrality gave courage and freedom to the bloody hand.**

We had a few real moments following the sinking of the **Lusitania,** but here again, it was merely words, and while Germany's written replies were evasive, shifting, flippant, almost jocular, apparently at our temerity, her actual replies were contained in her continued assassinations by submarines. **Why should Germany fear the notes of a nation "too proud to fight?" that had sworn it would not be "dragged into the war?" that seemed to be concerned only with its enhanced trade, and that Germany knew, as the rest of the world was coming to know, thought vastly more of the riches it was accumulating out of the war, than of national dignity and manhood.**

In a speaking tour, some months ago, President Wilson made it his one claim to our endorsement—that he had kept us out of the war, and we cheered him vociferously wherever he went. It was the only claim he could make, the only one that we could listen to—now. It was the only one that could go to our heart—and to our business. War would not necessarily have followed upon our doing the right; on the other hand, it is extremely doubtful whether Germany would have accepted it as a gauge of war, at any stage. Germany's hands are full, and we have power and potentialities that would give pause even to Prussian arrogance and confidence—that it

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would immediately begin to reckon with, had our words meant action, and not merely words.

Had we been less neutral and more American, as that has been defined, more national than individual, the blackest chapters of the war would have been spared posterity, the worst indictments against a braggart civilization—the butcheries and robberies and unnameable crimes committed on the Belgians, the wholesale massacre of the Armenians by the Turks, aided and abetted by Germany, her assassinations of the defenseless by submarine, her barbarous Zeppelin raids on undefended towns on the English coast, her use of asphyxiating and poisonous gases on the battlefield, her contempt for civilized warfare, in her cowardly murder of the great English heroine, Edith Cavell, in her brutal rejection of every consideration of humanity. We are the only great Power that Germany could take into account—and we are neutral! Under the Moloch of our neutrality we have sacrificed everything that should be precious to a nation, particularly to a great humanizing power, and become particeps criminis with Germany.

"I hope we shall never forget," President Wilson said in an address last year to the G. A. R., "that we created this nation, not to serve ourselves, but to serve mankind," and he added: "I hope I may say, without even an implication of criticism upon any other people in the world, that it has always seemed to me that the people of the United States wished to be regarded as devoted to the promotion of particular principles of human rights. . . . This flag meant a great enterprise of the human spirit." As a creator of phrases that appeal strongly to our national pride, and Chauvinism, it would not be easy to find a superior to Mr. Wilson.

But what does he mean? How are we serving mankind? What particular principles of human rights are we promoting? Could Mr. Wilson mention them? And what are we doing to give reality to the great enterprise of the human spirit? If we are to accept the standards of

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our fathers, how are we proving it? The only spirit we have shown in this war is a mighty poor spirit, one that every man of us ought to be ashamed of, and we seem as indifferent to the interests of mankind and every principle of human right as the Prussians themselves. It is comforting to be told by our President that we are guided by "particular principles and the human spirit, because of our singular love for mankind," but Gradgrind has come to life, and we would have the facts.

Take this from his recent address at the celebration of the anniversary of the signing of the Mecklenberg declaration of independence at Charlotte, N. C.: "I would like, therefore, to think that the spirit of this occasion could be expressed **if we imagined ourselves lifting some sacred emblem of counsel and of peace, of accommodation and righteous judgment before the nations of the world** and reminding them of that passage of Scripture, After the wind, after the earthquake, after the fire, the still small voice of humanity."

Any emblem of counsel or of peace that we would lift, until right prevails over wrong and the freedom of nations for humanity's sake is in sight, would not be sacred; it would be an outrage. **We have ourselves turned a deaf ear to the still small voice of humanity, to the voice that has wrung the heart of civilization, and the less we have to say about righteous judgment, in connection with the war, the less we shall have to answer for in the righteous judgment of the nations of the world—for our own unrighteousness.** If we could realize the great issue at stake on the battlefields of Europe, President Wilson would not be talking or thinking of peace, but of right—and doing it! Unless it be a hopeless provincialism, or the blindness that can see only America, and America the paragon, the pattern for the rest of mankind, no matter our own failings, or how far we fall short of the pattern, it is difficult to account for some of Mr. Wilson's utterances in these testing times.

Again: "Here in America we have tried to set the

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example of bringing all the world together upon terms of liberty and cooperation and peace, and in that great experience that we have been going through, **America has been a sort of prophetic sample of mankind."**

All scream-eagleism aside, are our liberty and cooperation and peace remarkable enough that we should make a note of them, at this time—when you remember what the German-Americans have been doing here, to say nothing of some others who foster treason abroad and trouble here, and others still, whose ideas of liberty and cooperation and peace revolve within rather narrow limits, and the rest of us simply sitting pat on our dream-inducing neutrality, while the great nations of the world are expending treasure and blood for the liberty, the cooperation and the peace of the world? The samples we are showing are not the kind we should wish to speak about in public, and God forbid, that our "great experience" should be prophetic either of ourselves or of any other people.

"Now the world outside America has felt the forces of America," President Wilson told his hearers in the same address; "felt the forces of common aspiration, the forces that bring every man and every nation face to face with the question, What are you going to do with your power? Are you going to translate it into forces, or are you going to translate it into peace and satisfaction of society?"

Changing our products into gold of the belligerents is the only translating we have been doing since the war began, and while it may bring peace to the translators, there is little satisfaction in it for society. But is peace the first ideal? Are there not other things that come before—the conditions, for example, that make any worth while peace possible? Is it the thing we seek before we can have it? And is it true that the world outside America has felt the forces of America—since the opening of hostilities? President Wilson could only have been

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musing and trying to conjure something—but he succeeded in framing it in the phrases that we swallow whole.

"Does it not interest you," he went on, "that America has run before the rest of the world in making trial of the great human experiment, and is it not the sign and dawn of a new age that the one thing upon which the world is about to fall back is the moral judgment of mankind?"

One would think that where one finds such adequate expression, in language of national ideals, there would be some governmental or national expression of the things themselves. **It is axiomatic that we have run before the rest of the world in giving speech to the better things in national life—in pointing out to others, on occasion, the great realities that bring mankind together in something of a bond that works for the good of all,** and in pointing to America as **par excellence** the Exemplar; but what are the tangible results of our trial of the great human experiment, and how are we proving its sincerity to-day? Have we so far progressed that we can claim for it "the sign and dawn of a new age," if we forsake it at that, until the rest of the world has caught up, while we rest smugly and securely upon our laurels? Does that explain why President Wilson finds little else to do than spinning phrases to put into his notes to Germany and Great Britain and his public addresses, and we then reading and listening to them—and why we have so much time to occupy ourselves with the trivial trade and other questions in connection with the war? **Is not the whole European war a contest between right and wrong, or principles and their opposite, freedom and oppression?—and we find nothing more to do than send literary notes to Germany and harass the Powers that are championing our own cause!** Should we call this "the sign and dawn of a new age"? Is it standing by "the great human experiment" because it is with us a great principle? Is it not a fact that the real exemplars of the things we claim for ourselves are the great nations that are fighting the mightiest battle in history—fighting our battle, as much

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as they are their own, in behalf of the great human experiment, and so justifying the moral judgment of mankind?

When the European war has passed into history, it will be recorded that the civilized nations of the world, remembering the principles of the great Republic, the forerunner in liberty, justice and humanity and our oft repeated declaration that we had taken the cause of mankind under our wing, looked to the United States for some definite action toward the continuance of peace and the establishment of righteousness among the nations; that instead of this, the government at Washington did no more than the smallest of the neutral Powers could have done, with a better spirit, and made haste to proclaim the neutrality of America when the war broke out; that the United States then seemed to disappear from the society of nations; that it was frequently heard from, but only when President Wilson would deliver an address, in which he would remind the nation and the rest of the world of the greatness and glory of America, and when the government would make a demand upon or protest to one or other of the belligerents, the first protest it made being to Great Britain, about a mere matter of trade; that its demands and protests concerned itself alone, and made it manifest, almost from the beginning, that its interest in the war was confined to American interests, which it emphasized by a peace propaganda that had no other object than the undisturbed peace of the United States; that it made no distinction between the opposing sides in the conflict, the nature of which it seemed unable to understand, and permitted the United States to be used as a hotbed for conspiracies and crimes both against itself and the Allies, without even a protest to the Power responsible.

We have been living in a fool's paradise concerning ourselves. A great people proves itself great on great occasions; a great people would have found in the European war opportunity in behalf of humanity, justice and right—we should have found the war our peculiar oppor-

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tunity for the recognition and exercise of the great principles that are "the sign and dawn of a new age," and no neutrality could have suspended them.

Our republican institutions and the dreams of the fathers who laid the foundations have filled our mouths with a swelling speech, but the answer to our smug assurance, that because we are the sons of our fathers, we are to-day the be-all and end-all in human development, is our blind and narrow provincialism. Provincialism is the most telling fact in the United States. It is our life and spirit. With few exceptions, in the great centers of wealth and population, the press is the voice of provincialism; the same is true of the church, and of politics; it is found in the trivial things to which we give importance, in our values, in our measurement of men and events; so intensely provincial is our patriotism, it even has a price, as witness the increasing Pension Fund, the pork barrel, our scramble for office—for what we can get out of it, our belief that the government owes us a comfortable living—to say nothing of those who use it as a means to prey on their fellows; in our child-like submission to the political boss, no matter what he may be; to the party, irrespective of its record or candidates, or the effect of its policies; in the apings of society and the distinction we accord mere wealth. The child may be the father of the man, but we are no analogy in the nation. The older and finer civilizations, we cannot yet instruct, while we have our own tasks still to learn—in our republican institutions, that are steadily growing less republican; in our liberty, which is steadily contracting; in our cooperation, which is a misnomer for individualism; in our peace, which is a dream only of those who cannot see.

It may not be disputed that Woodrow Wilson is an excellent press agent, but these are days for deeds, not words.

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WHAT AN IRISHMAN THINKS OF THE IRISH-GERMAN ALLIANCE

HON. PATRICK FRANCIS EGAN

NOTE:—The Hon. Patrick Francis Egan, the writer of the following article, is easily the best-informed man, living out of Ireland, on Irish affairs; his intimate association with the struggle for Irish freedom probably extends through a longer period than that of any living man. He has never been a professional Irishman and he has never made his livelihood out of Irish political affairs. In fact, he sacrificed all his worldly possessions in Ireland because of his advocacy of the Irish cause. He then came to America, started life anew and has served his adopted country with distinction, notably as Minister to Chili in 1889-1893. Mr. Egan was born in Langford in 1841 and the famous Irish Land League was formed in his office in 1879 in company with Parnell, Michael Davitt and John Dillon. Mr. Egan was the first treasurer of the Land League, and in 1881-1882 managed its financial affairs from Paris. He then returned to Dublin, but was forced to abandon all his property and leave Ireland for the United States. In 1884 Mr. Egan was elected president of the Irish National League and is now a member of the Executive Council of the United Irish League. He frequently visits Ireland and is in close personal touch with John E. Redmond and the other noted members of the Irish party.

IRELAND suffers far more from those who call themselves her friends than from those who are frankly her enemies. Lately we have seen a useless and bloody riot in which many brave, emotional youths lost their lives at the behest of those pinchbeck patriots who are now subsisting in foreign lands on German money.

Ireland is not to-day in rebellion and was not in rebellion some weeks ago when the Dublin riots happened; at that time less than five per cent. of the Irish people were in sympathy with the Sinn Fein movement, and to-day the mass of the Irish people are disgusted with the German plotting and the various American movements which are aimed, not to help Ireland, but to hurt England for the benefit of Germany.

For over forty years before the bursting forth of

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the present terrible conflagration in Europe, National Ireland presented a spectacle of harmony and sound sense not equalled in any other country in the world. During the past three—but especially during the last one—of those decades, she has made such giant strides in national advancement as have rarely been surpassed anywhere unless upon her own soil during the short but glorious epoch of what is known as the Grattan Parliament, from 1782 to 1800.

In 1881 for the first time in her sad history under English rule, the rights of Ireland's farming population to an interest in the homes they had built, the roads, drains, fences and other improvements they had created and the timber and hedgerows they had grown, were partially recognized and protected by law. Through the unceasing efforts of the Irish National Land League, the Irish National League and the United Irish League under the leadership of Charles Stewart Parnell, Michael Davitt, Justin McCarthy and, for the past sixteen years, of John E. Redmond, the English landlord system, which served the purpose of an English garrison in Ireland—a system described by Montesquieu as "conceived by devils, written in human blood and registered in hell," was gradually uprooted, until in 1903, the marvelous Irish Land Purchase law was wrung from a hostile English Parliament. Under the law two-thirds of the lands of Ireland are, under an equitable system of easy payments, already owned by the men who till them and the other one-third will quickly follow when the present war terminates.

The acts for the benefit of Ireland have been numerous and well planned. The dwellers in the miserable huts on the bogs and fens have been brought back to the rich uplands from which they were driven after the artificial famines of 1846-48 to make room for cattle for the English markets. Sixty thousand up-to-date four-room cottages, with an acre of land each, have been erected for the farm laborers to whom they are rented at twenty-five cents a week. The control of all local, county and district

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taxes, regulations, business, contracts and appointments has been taken from the Grand Juries composed only of the gentry and given to councils elected by the people. An Irish National University has been established where the Catholics, who form nine-tenths of the population, may have an opportunity to share in educational advantages along with other creeds. These are only a few of the fundamental and far-reaching changes which have come about in Ireland.

Finally, after a struggle during which, in Disraeli's words, "Ireland was ever in a state of either open insurrection or veiled rebellion," the vigorous and persistent propaganda carried on for over thirty years among the democracy of England and her colonies by the National Party aided very materially, I may add, by the broad, liberal opinion of the people of these United States, caused the Irish Home Rule Measure (known as the Government of Ireland Bill) to be introduced in Parliament by Premier Asquith in 1912.

In April of the same year a convention was summoned by the Irish National leaders. The representatives embraced all clergymen of all denominations, delegates from all county, municipal, town and district representative bodies and all duly organized national, trade, labor, scientific, benevolent or kindred bodies. The 8,000 delegates assembled in Dublin formed the most truly national and representative body.

After the fullest discussion of the Asquith Bill the following resolution was passed, without a single dissenting voice:

"Resolved: That we welcome the Government of Ireland Bill as an honest and generous attempt to settle the long and disastrous quarrel between the British and Irish nations; and this National Convention of the Irish people accept the Bill in the spirit in which it is offered; and we hereby declare our solemn conviction that the passage of this Bill into law will bind the people of Ireland to the people of Great Britain by a union infinitely

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closer than that which now exists, and by so doing add immeasurably to the strength of the Empire."

This same Bill became a law, was duly signed by the King on September 17, 1914, and is now on the statute books as the law of the British Empire. Like all legislation in the belligerent countries, seriously changing grave and debatable social or economic conditions, the operation of this law was temporarily suspended because of the war, but all right-thinking sons of Ireland consider the contract thus created between the two nations as mutually binding upon their honor. This feeling could not be better evidenced than by the fact that there are actually with the British colors to-day 400,000 Irishmen, including those who volunteered from Great Britain, Canada and Australia.

The noisy group of malcontents who claim to speak in the name of Ulster are the same buccaneers who, while mouthing loyalty to England, threatened in 1869 that if Parliament, at the instance of Premier Gladstone, should disestablish the English Episcopal Church in Ireland and thereby release nine-tenths of the population, who were Catholics, from contributing to the support of the church of a moiety of the other tenth, they would kick Queen Victoria's crown into the Boyne. These same men, just before the outbreak of the present war were busy not only fomenting mutiny among the Tory officers of the British Army but were actually negotiating with the Kaiser.

National Ireland is not only willing but anxious to forget the past and to extend to all peoples the hand of honest, loyal friendship, but only upon the basis of absolute equality.

A much more serious problem, however, is the unwarrantable pretention of a group of people in America, centering in New York, to dictate a policy to, and to assume to speak for, the people of Ireland. Many of the people whose names appear as having been present at recent meetings of this society are unaware of the secret and malign influences by which they are being moved;

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others, especially the politicians, are just seeking to reach the limelight so that they may pose as leaders of something that, for the moment, seems to be popular. And finally there is the old inner circle of professional Irish agitators whose sole aim is to control everything in sight—especially all the money.

The "Irish Race Convention," held in New York on the 4th and 5th of March, 1916, was not a convention in any ordinary acceptance of the term, but a gathering summoned by a call sent out broadcast by the Clan-na-Gael organization addressed to "the men and women of the Irish Race in America." The assembly was a kind of Free-for-all gathering with no representative character whatsoever beyond that which attached to the individuals present. It was absolutely owned and controlled by the Clan-na-Gael, and had no more authority to speak for the 20,000,000 of the Irish race in America—as modestly claimed by an ex-Judge from Missouri—than had the famous three tailors of Tooley Street to speak for the people of England.

This promiscuous "Irish race" assemblage was called together in the name of Ireland, but was manipulated absolutely by the pro-German Clan-na-Gael and its ally, the German-American Alliance, of which Dr. C. J. Hexamer of Philadelphia is President, the American Truth Society, and other notorious German propagandist organizations. It was supported by certain notorious pro-German renegade Irish prints and had the affrontery to adopt what some of its mouthpieces described as "a declaration of American Rights and Irish Independence," which ended in the following grotesque climax:

"Finally we appeal to the concert of the Powers and particularly to America, if she be represented in such Council, to recognize that Ireland is a European and not a British Island; to appreciate that its complete independence and its detachment from the British Empire are vital to the freedom of the seas and their restoration to the use of all the peoples of the earth, and we ask, in the name of the Irish race, unconquered and unconquerable, for a seat at the Congress of the nations to present the case of Ireland; to show its vital interests to Europe and to the world at large, and

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to demand, in the name of liberty and of the small nationalities, for which England says the war is being waged, that Ireland may be cut off from England and restored to her rightful place among the nations of the earth."

Ireland would no more dream of sending a delegation upon such an absurd mission than she would think of sending one to Mars. What, then, would be the likelihood of a delegation of one or more Irish-American filibusters from the Astor House meeting, gaining admission to such a Congress, or permission to present "claims?"

The gathering then proceeded to launch a new organization entitled "The Friends of Irish Freedom." The promises of aid held out by this body or its agents, following the inflammatory orations of the Goffs, the Cohalans, the Gavegans and other long-distance patriots resulted in precipitating the Dublin insurrection on Easter Monday. This insurrection was without a gleam of hope for success and its only results were a number of peaceful citizens killed and wounded, a number of killed and wounded combatants, the destruction and looting of much of the best business portions of Ireland's beautiful capital, and the handing over of the country to the horrors of martial law with its wholesale arrests, courtmartials, long imprisonments and horrible executions. The enterprise was the most criminally insane that was ever made in the name of Irish freedom.

In order to make clear the Irish National situation in Ireland and America it is necessary to review shortly the attitude maintained by the Clan-na-Gael for some years past.

That society succeeded to the work of other secret Irish and truly patriotic bodies and proved, for a considerable time, a great power for good to the Irish race. Up to the early eighties it embraced many of the ablest men of the race in the United States and Canada, as also in Ireland under another title. It received and kept alive, in Ireland, the fighting spirit which had suffered a severe depression after the failure of the attempted rising in 1867 and it lent the aid of its powerful influence to the founda-

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tion and growth of the Irish Land League in 1879 which is responsible for the marvelous progress achieved in Ireland during the succeeding thirty years. Gradually, however, the Clan-na-Gael succumbed to the controlling power of one man—John Devoy, who became its paid secretary and boss, and since then it has been oscillating between American political machinism and Irish revolution, but always unrelentingly obstructive against everything tending towards the material betterment of Ireland.

The result was that the roster of the organization went down until it could scarcely muster five thousand paying members in the entire United States; and it was only the present terrible war and the prospect of a real golden harvest—made in Germany—that vitalized it and enabled its leaders, the same old performers, to again become a factor and to inject their same old poisonous "Policy" into Irish national affairs.

I do not know how much German money has been collected by the Clan-na-Gael, or how it has been expended, but I do know that they sent eighty thousand dollars to Ireland to foment the final rioting. And I also know that no such sum as th was on hand at the beginning of the war and that no uch sum has been collected in the meantime from the me bers in America.

This same "handful of men," of malodorous fame, with some new additions are now masquerading under the titles of the "Friends of Irish Freedom," the "American Truth Society," and various other aliases. They are still endeavoring "to thwart, to misrepresent, to belittle and to belie" the men who are really fighting Ireland's battle at home, under the leadership of John E. Redmond. They are attempting to pose before the German Chancellor and the American political campaign managers as the representatives of, in the word of their principal spokesmen, "twenty millions of the Irish race in America," or, as claimed in their telegraph message to the Republican National Convention in Chicago, "millions of votes of citizens of Irish origin."

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They do not, however, as they might justly do, claim that they were mainly instrumental in sending to their deaths, without even the shadow of a hope of success, the brave but misguided handful of Sinn-Fein youths who attempted an insurrection, at a time when every sane man knew that England had, actually upon English soil, over two millions of trained and fully equipped men, large numbers of whom could be landed at any point in Ireland in from twelve to twenty hours.

Many of the Sinn Feiners were honest enthusiasts. The gallant and patriotic Colonel Maurice Moore of the Connaught Rangers, who up to a couple of months ago was the honored Commander of the Irish National Volunteers, thus describes them: "The Sinn-Fein movement was rather popular when it was started some years ago, but was discredited by several unsuccessful enterprises and lapsed into a coterie of young literary men and women for some years. Its tenets were not clearly known, but it had a certain number of general sympathizers among Irishmen who were more interested in nationality than the land agitation, which seemed to have engulfed it. Most of those who formerly supported it gave up politics and devoted themselves to the language and literary movements. None of them knew anything of military affairs or of the Division of battle more than a spinster."

The Sinn-Fein riot was unfortunate; but it will have no great influence upon Irish affairs, for the people of Ireland generally are alive to their real interests and are content to permit those interests to be represented by the most commanding figure which has ever risen in Ireland—John Redmond.

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OUR NAVY AND MEXICO

SAMUEL CROWTHER

"A WAR with Mexico must be a real war, or else we will throw away thousands of lives and millions of dollars. The first step in a real war is to bottle up Mexico—shut it off from the outside world with a cordon of ships."

When a retired naval officer of high rank solemnly pronounced this to me, war had not been declared between Mexico and the United States.

The expression of the naval officer was not an individual expression; it represents a general consensus of opinion of all military and naval men who are familiar with the terrain of Mexico. They declare that the United States, unless it wants to send its citizens to slaughter, must stop using the right hand to place soldiers as targets for bullets which the left hand generously provides.

The general public conceives of a war with Mexico as a purely military undertaking, but the experts—and it is from experts that every fact and every statement in this article is derived—point out with conclusive clarity that it is the sea power of the United States which will not only determine the actual struggle but which will also solve the several big international problems that a Mexican war would entail.

If the navy be ready, the best opinion is that all international complications can be avoided. If, on the other hand, the navy fails or, because of unreadiness, must improperly divert its forces, then from three to six years may be required for the military task—with something more than a probability of serious difficulty with other nations.

At the time of writing, so far as can be learned, no steps towards the mobilization of the navy are being taken, in spite of the fact that every day's delay means

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a strengthening of the enemy's resources and the consequent sacrifice of American lives.

Few people realize the important—the almost paramount—part which the navy played in the last Mexican War. As soon as war was then declared, and without waiting for formal orders, Commodore Sloat with his Pacific fleet of three frigates and six smaller ships, mounting in all 275 guns, descended upon Monterey and San Francisco and proclaimed California a part of the United States. General Kearney finished the work with the army. Within two weeks of the battle of Resaca de la Palma, the ships in the Atlantic had blockaded the entire east coast of Mexico with the exception of Yucatan, which was in rebellion and supposed not to be in sympathy with the rest of Mexico. It was shortly found, however, that Yucatan was a doorway for supplies of all kinds and it was then included in the blockade. While tightening the force of the blockade, the fleet in the meantime took Tampico, Tuxpan, and Tabasco. The invading forces from the north under General Taylor were making a slow but successful progress, when the fleet swooped down on Vera Cruz and the column under General Scott forced its way up to Mexico City and broke the back of Mexican resistance.

Mexico City is the key to Mexico. The peons always know who holds the capital. They are not much concerned with what goes on in the northern states and they can be easily misled into believing that Mexico is all victorious so long as a Mexican sits in the chair at the palace. For instance, in 1847, the peons fully believed that the battle of Buena Vista had been an overwhelming victory for them and they did not know the true facts until the Stars and Stripes were raised above the city. Then their morale broke.

The present duty of the navy would be to prevent arms and ammunition from going into Mexico and to prevent exports representing purchasing power from coming out. Mexico is not a self-sustaining nation, and

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to-day it has little or no ready money and absolutely no credit. The revolutions have been financed by the sale of "commandeered" products of the country, a good part of which came over the Rio Grande and were sold in the United States. The circle has been something after this fashion: the bandits seized American and other property, sold it on the border for American gold, then exchanged the American gold for American arms and munitions which enabled them to kill more ranchers and seize more property to exchange for more American gold to exchange for more American arms and ammunition to kill more ranchers—and thus go on their merry way. Other large sources of revenue were from products shipped out of Vera Cruz and Tampico and the sisal out of Yucatan via Progresso and Campeche. The principal import has been munitions of war, but a certain amount of food stuffs has come in, for Mexico raises very little corn and eats a great deal of it.

The munitions at present in Mexico have been largely obtained from the United States, and the best available information now is that the supply by way of Vera Cruz is greater than ever. In the event of war there are many to furnish arms to the Mexicans. We cannot ask any nation not to sell to them. Japan has disavowed its intention to participate in this trade, and undoubtedly Japan as a nation would not be the military outfitters of the Mexicans, but, just as undoubtedly, vast quantities of rifles and cartridges would seep into the country from ports on the western coast or by way of Guatemala. At the last report Felix Diaz had gathered a large stock in Guatemala in preparation for a rebellion against Carranza; these are available at a price. It is believed, by those who know the facts, that the Central and South American republics stand ready, although their dealing will be in secret, to see to it that Mexican forces are not hampered for the want of powder and shot. Finally, although by no means least, we must take into account that the renegades and beachcombers of the United States are

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perfectly willing to sell to Mexico if the gold be forthcoming. At the beginning of the European War, the German brokers in America bought up enormous quantities of rifles and cartridges in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the Allies. These are stored at convenient spots throughout this country and there are many millions of rounds of ammunition in the warehouses of New York City. The Secret Service men know where most of these stocks are and keep them under constant surveillance, but it is always possible to smuggle out a certain amount.

Only the most active and rigid blockade of both Mexican coasts and possibly of Central America down to the Canal can keep munitions away from the Mexicans. Every ship that slips through the blockade carries death for American soldiers. And it is equally important that no vessel leaves Mexico, for every vessel which leaves carries a money credit that can be translated into powder and shot.

A strict blockade, however, would have a flareback. If nothing is permitted to leave Yucatan, our farmers will be short on their binder twine. The United States depends upon the sisal crop for practically all of its twine and cordage. If Tampico be strictly blockaded, the British fleet would have its supply of fuel oil cut off and a nasty international complication will loom on the horizon.

The extensive German propaganda in Mexico, which has had much to do with the present situation, has behind it the thought that a war will not only prevent the export of American munitions to the Allies but also will shut off England's vital oil supply.

The strategists say that the only way out of these difficulties, in the event of war, is at once to occupy the entire Tampico oil district and the whole of Yucatan, Campeche, and Chiapas. The control of these three southern states would avoid the many troubles that might be brought about by a blockage of Central America on the "continuous voyage" theory with which we originated in

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the Civil War and which is now causing England so much trouble.

Here is the situation in brief. Mexico has no warships; there would be no naval engagements to hamper the progress of our ships; we should have no submarines and few mines to dodge. Only the eyes of our fleet would be required, but those eyes must be many and far-seeing. Carranza has probably three and certainly not more than six months' supply of ammunition. When that is gone, he would be bound to surrender; but until his cartridges are gone there would be fighting in the bush. It is up to the navy to see that he gets no more. Is the navy equal to the job?

So much for the sea pressure upon Mexico; but there is a larger and more sinister phase which also resolves itself into a naval problem.

If the entire floating forces of our nation are scattered along the coasts of Mexico, the Panama Canal and California will be wide open.

The navy has a man-sized job ahead of it, a job which requires every unit of its strength, a job which needs a hundred per cent. efficiency—and then some.

We do not know with exactness the present degree of readiness of the navy; a policy of "pitiless publicity" has kept the facts from both the officers and the public. We do know that while the army was being mobilized and every military force of the nation concentrated, the navy was foolishly frittering along under its mountebank master, saving a penny here when that penny meant efficiency and spending a dollar there, when that dollar meant advertising or political gain. We do know that no General Staff in Washington has been permitted to work out a thorough scheme of mobilization. We do know that nothing has been done in the following essential and preliminary directions: (1) putting the reserve fleets in commission, (2) calling out the naval reserves of officers and men, (3) getting in the ex-blue jackets — although we need at least 75,000 men to develop our entire naval re-

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sources, (4) the assembling of the necessary stores and ammunition and the contracting for future supplies, (5) the coordination of the branches of the service, (6) the providing of hospital ships, (7) the enlarging of the very important marine corps, (8) the extension of the coast signal service.

At the time of the massacre at Columbus, the Naval Department despatched one ship to Mexico in this crisis. The second line battleship "Kentucky" was coming north when the department ordered it down to Tampico and Vera Cruz. The full complement of that ship is nearly 700 officers and men. It was sent down to protect American interests, which presumably might involve a landing of men, with less than 350 officers and men aboard. The crew was not sufficient to man the vessel adequately on a strictly cruising basis—not to mention giving it strength as a fighting unit.

What has the navy to offer, manned, equipped and ready to save the lives of American soldiers, by crippling the enemy?

Certain eliminations must be made at the very beginning. Part of the Cruiser Squadron and approximately 2,500 marines are busily engaged in Hayti and San Domingo and cannot possibly be relieved from their present duty. It would be folly to withdraw the Asiatic fleet, which consists of the first-class cruiser "Brooklyn"; the third-class cruisers, "Cincinnati" and "Galveston," two good-sized and seven little gun-boats, five destroyers and a flotilla of submarines. All of the submarines must also be counted out because there will be no warships to attack.

The proper vessels to undertake the blockade are light draft gun-boats and fast scout cruisers. Naval officers are trembling lest Secretary Daniels, because of advertising value, orders the battleship squadrons for blockade duty.

The waters on both sides of Mexico are, at times, exceedingly turbulent, the harbors are bad, and the sun is

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blistering hot. The big warships, crowded with men, are compelled to lie far off shore; and for weeks at a time, the men cannot land for fresh provisions or for exercise. The illness, loss of energy and morale among the men is certain to be high under these conditions. The smaller boats, on the contrary, may come close in shore and can run into the rivers for shelter.

Destroyers are being used for patrol duty in the North Sea because speed is there essential; but they are never far from the base and they do not encounter tropical conditions of wind and weather. The naval officers assert that the delicate destroyers are too frail to be used in the patrols. They will not easily weather the violent storms and the discomfort of the men will be racking. Destroyers are infernos in the tropics.

Over and above all this purely human expediency is the naval expediency. It is said that keeping large bodies of men in the tropics on monotonous blockade duty results in terrible demoralization. The men have nothing to divert them, they can seldom have shore leave and they grow restless and dissatisfied. The vessel itself never has an opportunity to take target practice, or to manoeuvre with other ships of its class. An armored cruiser, or battleship squadron, is valuable only in so far as it is able to coordinate its various units and this coordination can be attained only by constant practice. The Atlantic Squadron has not yet recovered the efficiency which it had before it was sent to make the grandstand play at Vera Cruz.

If the heavy fleet be thus sent limping southward to the neglect of our own coasts and of the Panama Canal, we shall be at the absolute mercy of Japan; for the fleet could not possibly be reassembled in time to repel even a small hostile squadron.

Take the full strength of our navy, neglect every consideration but that of Mexico, neglect the crippling of our resources, neglect the waste of lives and of money, can we do the job that is ahead of us?

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Consider the west coast of Mexico. First comes lower California.

The naval strategists say that four vessels might blockade the mouth of the Gulf of California and that three more could patrol it and thus cut off the important railway terminals at Guaymas in Sonora and Topolobampo and Altapa in Sinaloa. The next point of importance on the coast is Mazatlan, which would be the headquarters for three patrol ships; Tuxpan and San Diego in Terr. Tepic would require the same number of vessels, while further down on the coast Manzanillo would be a station from which numerous ports in Michoacan and Guerrero might be guarded. The ports in the two last named states have no railroad connection, but they give numerous spots for landings. A force of at least half a dozen ships would be necessarily centered at Salina Cruz to watch the Gulf of Tehuantepec. The minimum number of ships to guard the west coast would be twenty, while twenty-five vessels would give a much more adequate protection.

The whole force of the Pacific fleet, if it had men and provisions and were available, is not sufficient to cover the west coast in such fashion as to prevent the Mexicans receiving arms almost anywhere at will. This is without taking into consideration the blockading of Guatemala, which troublous little country would joyfully assist her Mexican confreres.

The Pacific fleet consists of the "San Diego," an armored cruiser; five third-class cruisers; two gunbots; a tub of a transport, the "Buffalo," which mounts six guns; the "Milwaukee," a first-class cruiser; and four destroyers, the largest of which is only 433 tons. It would be exceedingly dangerous to put the destroyers on patrol duty and it would be bad strategy to use the "San Diego" and "Milwaukee." The other vessels are well suited to the purpose, although the "Albany," which was brought from Brazil at the time of the Spanish War, was recommended

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for the junk heap in 1910, as was also the little gunboat "Annapolis."

None of these ships is fully manned, but they have enough officers and men to fulfill the ordinary demands of patrol duty if it did not become necessary to put prize crews upon any vessel.

Then there is the Pacific Reserve fleet. None of its members can move out of harbor until crews are recruited and trained. In the Reserve Fleet are five armored cruisers of various vintages and one battleship—the famous old "Oregon"—two first-class cruisers, one third-class cruiser and five small and unseaworthy destroyers.

To summarize: ten cruisers of various classes and four destroyers might attempt the blockade at once. Nine warships and five destroyers might be equipped, manned and put on duty within three months. That is, 28 vessels are eventually available, but of these 28 it is doubtful if nine of them—the destroyers—could continue in active service without frequent withdrawels for rest and repairs. And the concentration of the whole force before Mexico would leave our own Pacific coast and the Pacific end of the Panama Canal at the complete mercy of whomsoever wanted them.

The strength of the American navy is on the east coast, but the main strength is concentrated in dreadnoughts and armored cruisers. The third squadron in the fifth division has four second line battleships and the sixth division has four second line battleships and the sixth division has four very powerful first line dreadnoughts; in the fourth squadron, seventh division, are two first line and one second line battleships and in the eigth division are likewise two first line and one second line battleship. All of these vessels would suffer seriously if detailed for blockade duty and their use for such a purpose would mean the direct expenditure of many extra millions of dollar and the indirect expenditure of many more millions.

The cruiser squadron under Admiral Capterton is all in southern waters; the "Kentucky" and "Nebraska" are

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on the Mexican coast and the others are divided among Hayti, San Domingo, and Mexico, excepting the "Montana," an armored cruiser which is being used as a torpedo training ship. It is scarcely possible that more than two or three gunboats could be detached from the cruiser squadron for patrol duty, and the most valuable cruiser of the lost—the "Salem"—which is one of the three scout cruisers that Uncle Sam possesses is in reserve at Boston as a receiving ship.

There are 24 destroyers, more or less available; 18 more destroyers operating with so insufficient a number of men that it would not be safe to take them to sea; another destroyer out of commission and two more in such condition that they could not readily be used.

In the Atlantic Reserve fleet are ten second line battleships, two of which are acting as receiving ships; one first line battleship and one armored cruiser. This Reserve fleet could not be properly ready for sea duty, according to the best judges, under three months at the present rate of enlistment, but might be sooner made ready by the use of the naval militia. Included in the reserve is the third-class cruiser "Chester," which is admirably adapted for patrol purposes.

The United States has also a certain number of vessels in reserve; these are unassigned but would make excellent patrol boats if they could be fitted out and manned—but that would take at least half a year.

Among them are a couple of converted yachts, three third-class cruisers—one of which is being used as a receiving ship—and four gunboats.

These are the resources of the Navy on the Atlantic. What work is ahead for as much of this fleet as can move out of harbor?

The number of vessels estimated for the patrol on the eastern coast, where there are great opportunities for running ammunition, is 25. The major operations, such as the taking of Vera Cruz and the defense of the Canal would require all of our first and second line ships. We

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concentrated practically our full force of powerful ships to capture the Custom House at Vera Cruz.

A lesser naval undertaking than the bottling of Mexico has never been conceived in the design of the American navy. The navy, on paper, can do the job; but, now that the job is imminent, we find that most of the strength is on paper. The ships which might be best used are found to be carefully wraped and stored in camphor after the manner of ancient wedding garments in the country districts. And, as yet, there has been no effort to unpack them to see if they fall to pieces in the light and air.

Keeping the navy in storage has been economical to a degree; it would have been even more economical never to have bought the ships. But now that economy may be viewed in a different light by the men and the women who see their boys shot down because someone was not ready with ships and men to keep the ammunition from the hostile rifles—rifles which are not "primed with reason." They may say that this thing which was called economy is really murder. They may demand a reckoning. Who is responsible?

The situation is bad. The public believes that the head of the Navy Department is responsible, but President Wilson refuses to make a change. How many lives must be needlessly lost before the naval officers—the men who know—are permitted to take charge of that for which they were trained? **Why not give the navy men a free hand**—let them mobilize the forces and call out the necessary Naval Militia to fill the complements. Then the people would probably see that **the trouble with the Navy is at the head—that it has been saddled with a little old man of the sea.**

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AT THE DUNES

HOWARD M. JONES

I

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

Beyond the trouble of the street,
Beyond the weary town
An eager wind goes down to meet
The dunes and beaches brown,
To walk by blue and lonely miles,
Wild and alone and free,
Here where the ghost of summer smiles
Across the autumn sea.

By leagues the curving headlands wheel,
By miles the beaches run,
Grotesque beneath a sky of steel,
Barren beneath the sun,
And bleached like dry and whitened bones
The fisher-houses stand
Like bulwarks or like antique stones
More lonely than the land.

Before, the blue lake, basking, lies
Naked and gross and bare,
As some Titanian siren tries
To lure men to her lair;
Behind, the bleak hills writhe and twist
In obscure agony
As though God had each by the wrist
And he strove to be free.

And here the stricken sand is thrown
Forward and back and forth,
And here before the winds are blown
The great dunes south or north;
They have no sleep nor rest nor ease,
They march incessantly
Now lake-ward from the twisted trees,
Now shoreward from the sea.

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II

THE AFTERNOON

To Miller on a Sunday comes
Each fellow with his girl,
Deaf to the town's incessant drums
And piccolo's shrill whirl;
Her escort bears the lunch she takes
And each girl giggles loud
To hear the jokes her fellow makes
Upon the joyous crowd.

They build a fire upon the beach
To roast their wieners by,
Then toss a ball from each to each
With silly shout and cry;
The plain girls read, the couples stroll,
The men race on the sand,
Or trousers to the knee they roll
To wade a rod from land.

Impertinent and useless things,
They eat and drink and shout
Until the night on throbbing wings
Shakes all her star-dust out;
Then two by two they hurry back
Like hens to catch the car,
While down the dead day's crimson track
Falters the evening star.

They are afraid to stand alone
Under the empty sky;
They herd back to the town to drone
Their lives away and die;
They huddle back to town in fear,
Fear of the night and God—
It's safer where the streets are near,
Than here where He has trod!

The sun goes down, the stars come out
Over the purple sea,
And in the west the chimneys spout
Hell forth all fiery,
But though night be upon the worlds,
And hell upon the sky,
Impassively the lake beholds,
The dunes, impassively.

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III

NIGHT

And now the utter loneliness
Is more than man can bear:
The waves are sadder than distress,
The dunes are like despair.
The lake is blank and pallid gold
Where only sea-gulls dwell,
Spirits by God left unenrolled
In heaven and earth and hell.

Hard on the brown and fading sands
The teeth of crumbled waves
Bite out their stories of old lands
And peoples in their graves;
Above the sun is dead, below
God and the world are dead,
And only the leaden waters go
Across their leaden bed.

And slowly from the ashen air
Shudders the paling light,
And slowly up the sky doth fare
The stark and naked night,
Night of the mad and staring stars,
Night beyond time or space,
Void, vacant, black as prison bars,
Night, without form or face!

IV

DAWN

Not always are the dunes as bare,
As lone, as lost as this:
When morning winnows all the air
With driven gold, the kiss
Of the cool wave on the lit beach
Softens the bare, gaunt land
And gently the little waves have speech
With the bleak, barren sand.

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Then in the pink and yellow lake
Along the golden shore
The white mermaidens' bosoms break
Red ripples on the floor
Of the smooth sea, and faint and far
Their wild song swells and sighs
Across the beach, across the bar
Under the shifting skies.

And fitfully and reluctantly
A lone leaf tiptoes down
Across the sands into the sea
To float, all curled and brown,
A fairy shallop on the deep
Wherein two pixies ride;
Their little wizened faces peep
Over the frigate's side.

Then dance on every wrinkled dune
Sandmen and brownies small;
The dry leaves keep a rustling tune,
The sleepy birds do call,
And from the poplars and the pines
Dryads and nymphs peep out
To see the elves in quavering lines
Advance and turn about.

The mermaids sing, the sandmen pace
A jolly rigadoon,
The pixies steer and reef and race
Beneath a waning moon;
The little stars look down to grin,
The moon looks down to sigh,
And longs to dance and prance and spin,
Being lonely in the sky.

And then a sudden shout goes forth,
And the white birds come out,
A cold wind hurries from the north
To drive the stars about,
And longs to dance and prance and spin,
The sandmen steal away,
And up the steep sky's eastern brink
Marches the awful day.

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WHY I AM A PACIFIST

JOHN BRUCE MICHELL

The other side of the Preparedness Dispute

I AM a pacifist because I believe in prevention; besides I have nothing to sell. Nor have I ever taken a dime for pacifism in all my life. War is the first argument of ignorance and should be the last resort of intelligence. It is the first threat of power and the last renunciation of weakness. War is un-Christian, un-Democratic, and un-American. It is brutalizing to the race, destructive to property and a reversion to the animal instincts of the non-social man.

Before the European war it was not necessary for a Pacifist to defend his sanity. He was hailed a peace-maker. To-day the Pacifist is branded as disloyal, a coward, a propagandist. Voices that are now hushed by the din of dollars and the War Spirit once were hailed as exponents of a world peace. Some of the world's greatest thinkers believed world peace possible, honorable regulation of local issues feasible. To-day the howl of preparedness cries like a hyena for blood through the land. Militarism has deranged the minds of otherwise perfectly sane citizens. We have a bad attack of coward hysterics.

For nearly ninety years the American Peace Society has stood for the principles of peace. Only recently have its members been charged with being cowards and molly-coddles.

War in Europe has gripped hold of timid Americans—mostly rich Americans. The Carnegie Endowment for International Peace was lauded as a great gift for a great world-cause six years ago. To-day some of those most prominently identified with the movement are crying for a large standing army and a vast military and naval establishment.

Once the Nobel Peace Prize was regarded as a badge of honor. What shall be said of it to-day? Our foremost

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citizen accepted it, and $40,000 to boot, as the "person who had worked best for the fraternization of nations and the abolition of standing armies and the calling of peace congresses." What of him to-day after having stumped the country for a compulsory military system and a navy as large or larger than any of the great monarchies of the old world?

Consistency, thy name is opportunist!

Must a cataclysm in Europe rend the structure of our American democracy? Are we to abandon ideals because a war-frenzied world ignores them?

Last winter there was an intimation that the European war might be terminated earlier through the mediation of the United States. A storm of protests rumbled up from certain newspapers which have been strongest in advocating heavy armament for this country, paid, of course, though they accuse Pacifists of "pay." They declared that the European war must be fought to a finish. There is no certainty that the war could have been stopped, but it is certain that several million soldiers have been slaughtered since, and that the militarist press opposed stopping the war.

The New York preparedness parade of May 13 has been quoted as showing the military trend of the country as a whole. It is true that more than 100,000 men and a large number of women enlisted in the demonstration. It is true that many marchers were inspired by patriotic motives. Undoubtedly the majority would offer their services in case of war. So would many thousands who are now enrolled in the movement to prevent such a war. But how many of the hundred thousand had any idea what they were preparing against, or what method of preparedness to take? How many have done anything for preparedness since that display? The demonstration was planned to rebuke the administration for alleged dilatory policy in military and naval matters. The preparedness flags hung thickest in lower Broadway and the Wall Street district. The marchers were organized and

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grouped by professions, trades and firms. Without discounting the patriotism of any man who was in that parade, it is interesting to note that circumstance. Wall Street wants a large army and navy, for Wall Street is interested in munitions.

This suggestion might explain some of the virulence displayed toward Henry Ford and the expedition he undertook at his private expense to interest the European nations in peace. The Ford Motor Company is one of the few large manufacturing concerns in the United States not dependent on Wall Street. After Mr. Ford's first struggle for financial backing, and ever since the company became a going concern, it has resorted to the banks only as a depository. Powerful interests have tried to break Ford; but they have not succeeded. The most notable instance was a certain patent suit, which he fought unaided in the face of possible bankruptcy. Mr. Ford has performed enough quiet benefactions to disprove the charge that he is a publicity seeker alone. Yet after the first expressions of wonder had subsided, Ford was loaded with abuse and was ridiculed by calumnists and cartoonists.

The forced popular demand for a big army and navy did not become so general until this year. That was when it seemed likely that the war would come to an early close and leave our munition plants stranded. Less than two years ago Admiral Fletcher of the United States navy declared that our navy was sufficient to defend the coast in case of attack. Only last October, Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, asserted:

"Strictly speaking, if national defence applies solely to the prevention of an army landing on our Atlantic or Pacific coasts, no navy at all is necessary." And last January the veteran General Nelson A. Miles declared:

"The placing of an army on American soil is the last thing any European government would attempt; it could never be re-embarked. It would dissolve like snow beneath the midday sun. Whenever it has been attempted,

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it has resulted in disaster. These overseas expeditions spring from the minds of men writing about preparedness, who know less about preparedness than anything else."

To keep the people from thinking about such statements from men who have spent their life in naval or military work, the literature of the "Defenceless America" kind has been poured forth in Niagaras.

The most universal anti-war group is composed of the Socialists. Is every Socialist paid? Labor opposes militarism. It smarts from the injuries inflicted by armed force in Colorado and at Calumet. The labor element could hardly be accused of being pacifists for pay. Fifty thousand striking garment workers who bore anti-war banners in New York on May-day did not look as if the pacifist barrel had reached them. Educators as a rule are pacifists. The National Educational Association for several years has been working on a new history of the United States which shall not magnify the importance of wars. Do the teachers take pay for this attitude?

The charge of commercialism is only an effort to conceal the commercialism back of the great war propaganda.

No citizen who deserves respect will ever refuse to give his services or his life for the country in case of need. **The pacifists believe that such need will be more imminent if a movement is successful to place the country on the military footing of Germany or the naval footing of Great Britain. Great men of both these nations tried their utmost to prevent the present conflict. There are many who believe they would have succeeded if the war fuel had not been at hand ready for somebody to touch the match.**

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POEMS

VACHEL LINDSAY

THE FLOWER OF MENDING

(To E. S., after I had had certain dire adventures)

WHEN dragon-fly would fix his wings,
When snail would patch his house,
When moths have marred the overcoat
Of tender mister mouse.

The pretty creatures go with haste
To the sunlit blue-grass hills
Where the flower of mending yields the wax
And webs to help their ills.

The hour the coats are waxed and webbed
They fall into a dream,
And when they wake the ragged robes
Are joined without a seam.

My heart is but a dragon-fly,
My heart is but a mouse,
My heart is but a haughty snail
In a little stony house.

Your hand was honey-comb to heal,
Your voice a web to bind.
You were a mending-flower to me
To cure my heart and mind.

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THE PRAIRE BATTLEMENTS

HERE upon the prairie
Is my ancestral hall.
Agate is the dome,
Cornelian the wall.
Ghouls are in the cellar,
But fays upon the stairs.
And here lived old King Many-dreams
Always at his prayers.

Here lived old Queen Many-dreams
Always singing psalms.
And haughty Grandma Many-dreams
Throned with folded palms.
Here played cousin Alice.
Her soul was best of all;
And every fairy loved her
In my ancestral hall.

Alice has a prairie grave.
The king and queen lie low,
And aged Grandma Many-dreams,—
Four tombstones in a row.
But still in snow and sunshine
Stands my ancestral hall.

Agate is the dome,
Cornelian the wall.
And legends walk about,
And proverbs with proud airs.
Ghouls are in the cellar,
But fays upon the stairs.

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THE APPLE-BLOSSOM SNOW

(A poem to be danced by a chosen couple while the audience chants it with a delicate syncopation, along with the dancers.)

YOUR dandelion beauty,
Your cherry-blossom beauty,
Your apple-blossom beauty,
I will chant as I can:
Oh you Rag-time Lady,
Oh you Rag-time Lady,
Oh you Rag-time Lady,
Said the Rag-time man.

"Your grace and slightness
And your fragrant whiteness
Make me think of the bending
Of an apple-blossom bough.
You are strange as a fairy
And your heart is a robin
Singing, making merry
With the apple-flowers now.

"I kneel and canter,
I smirk and banter
And essay your heart
While the brass horns blow,
For I am your lover,
Your dancing partner,
In the rag-time dance
Called 'The Apple-blossom snow.'

"You do your duty
And no more than your duty,
Yet the big house cheers
To the gallery-rim.
And your calmness fires them
And your pride inspires them
And they watch your lover
And envy him.

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"But I do not fathom
What your heart has in keeping
Till that last wild leaping
Takes the mob by surprise.
Then I catch you softly
And I save you gently
And a mood for my soul
Lights your pansy eyes.

"Then you step rare measures,
Then your eyes are treasures,
The truth shines out
From your young-witch glance.
From the velvety shade,
Ah, the thoughts of the maid,
Glories of paradise
Unveiled by chance!

"Though soon thereafter
You hide in laughter
And scorn my soul,
Still I chant as I can,
Oh you rag-time wonder,
Oh you apple-blossom wonder,
Oh you pansy-blossom wonder,"
Said the Rag-time Man.

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REVOLUTION OR DISSOLUTION FOR ORGANIZED RELIGION—WHICH?

MERCER G. JOHNSTON

SO FAR as I know, **The Inside of the Cup** has not yet been introduced into any of our theological seminaries as a text-book. It might well be in them all. If I were dean of a seminary I would require every theologue to read this trenchant but not inimical criticism of current religion at least twice, and to undergo a searching quiz upon it.

Mr. Winston Churchill tells us that nothing could be farther from his mind than to pose as a theologian. Maybe he would resent being called by a name that to many minds suggests desiccation. Whether or not he is a theologian, he is what too often theologians are not, a human-hearted man of great moral earnestness gifted with a pair of clear, God-fearing eyes; and by publishing this book he has placed every man and woman with an intelligent and sympathetic interest in real religion in his debt.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that what **Uncle Tom's Cabin** was in the movement for the liberation of the slaves in the South, **The Inside of the Cup** bids fair to be in the movement for the liberation of the Church from her shameful bondage to the Prince of this World.

The supreme question in Christendom at this critical moment is the question put by the Founder of Christianity to His disciples nineteen hundred years ago—"When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" The fearless and neither unfair nor unkind revelation given in **The Inside of the Cup** of the "inward parts" of the Church, both its weaknesses and its strengths, ought so to arouse the Church from its sleeping sickness—its spiritual lethargy—as to make it certain that she will give the right answer to this question. For that noble and timely purpose was this book written.

Now, however open **The Inside of the Cup** may be to the charge that its hero rushed pell-mell into what some regarded as his radical and revolutionary convictions, no such charge can be sustained against the writer of this article. It is now just about twenty years since I preached my first sermon in the Oratory of St. Luke's Hall, at the University of the South. My opportunities for observation, for reading and study, and for interchange of thought with thinking men, have been unusually good. I have first-hand knowledge of conditions in the American Church, north

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and south, east and west, and in the foreign missionary field. I served two years in Grace Parish, New York City, under Dr. Huntington, working mainly over on the East Side and in the Catharine Street Rescue Mission down under the Brooklyn Bridge. I have served six years in the Diocese of West Texas in parochial and educational work, my duties at once taking me to every parish and mission in the diocese. I spent five years in the Philippine Islands under Bishop Brent, with whom I was intimately associated. We shared the same house for half the time and lived across the street from each other the other half. I have been rector of Trinity Church, Newark, the past three years and a half, during which time I have had opportunity to acquaint myself with conditions in the State of New Jersey, and, to a fair degree, in the Metropolitan District.

In one way this autobiographical confession is of no importance. In another way it is of some importance. What I am going to say would be of no more consequence than the croaking lay of a lonesome frog in the ecclesiastical Dismal Swamp if it came from some brother who was nursing a teething grudge because by reason of being shut in or out it had fallen to his lot to waste his sweetness and light on the desert air. Even at the risk of being set down as vain, I want to make it clear that my life in the ministry has been a full life—a life brimful of interest and of opportunity and of joy. It was never so full of interest and opportunity and joy as at the present moment. This is not a bluff. It is simply a bubbling fact that spontaneously rises to the surface.

So much by way of introduction to my grave subject, which is, Revolution or Dissolution for Organized Religion—Which? When I use the word Revolution I have in the forefront of my mind the English Revolution of 1668, also the American Revolution of 1775 that dethroned political despotism on this continent, and established the inalienable right of a human being to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. But I do not exclude the French Revolution altogether from my thought. I have that rougher, redder revolution in the background of my consciousness. That is to say, while I am an advocate of revolution in its less violent form, being a Christian, I am not afraid of revolution in any form necessary to turn our dollar-drunk society upside down and to deliver mankind from the unrighteous tryranny of Mammon. In this crucial matter I am as uncompromising as Christ. The Real Christ, I mean; not the plastic plaything of an ecclesiastical organization seeking to curry favor with Mammon. While I am not advocating root and branch revolution, I am too much of a Christian to be afraid of even such radical revolution. I go the full

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length with Theodore Parker when he says, "We need this Absolute Religion to heal the vices of modern society, to revolutionize this modern feudalism of gold."

I do not use the word Revolution lightly. I believe too strongly in the "dynamite (**dynamis**) of the Gospel" for that. I mean a revolution that really makes things revolve. I mean a revolution which "starts something" and pushes it along; which "gets there"; which affects everything, and effects something tangible and readily appreciable. When I use the word revolution in connection with Organized Religion I mean as much as Jesus meant when He said to Nicodemus, the scholarly representative of the decadent religion of his day, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." I mean the re-birth of Organized Religion. I mean that the soul of Organized Religion stands in imminent peril of perdition, and must be born again. And this "must" is both an immediate and an imperative must.

When I use the term Organized Religion, I am thinking more especially of Organized Christianity,—that is, the Christian Church in its widest sense.

Having said this further word of explanation, I now plunge into the very middle of the onrushing stream of thought that has been growing in volume and velocity for a quarter of a century.

Speaking as a Christian fully affiliated with Organized Christianity—begot by one of the best of bishops and, I may say, by bishops of the better sort bred—I state it as my carefully considered conviction that the greatest possible embarrassment to Organized Christianity in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and sixteen would be the reincarnation and reappearance on earth of Jesus Christ. The bodily presence of Jesus Christ on earth in the twentieth century would be almost if not quite as embarrassing to the Christian Church as His bodily presence on earth in the first century. A bull in a china-shop would be nothing in comparison. Gulliver in Lilliput, unbound and on his feet, is a simile all too inadequate. The cleansing of the Temple would be reenacted over and over again. To many who profess and call themselves Christians and who are conspicuously identified with our Christian churches, the reign of Jesus Christ on earth to-day would be regarded as a Reign of Terror. They would "exceedingly fear and quake" at the bare suggestion of such an ominous possibility.

I would hestitate to say, just at this moment, that the bodily presence of Jesus Christ would be an embarrassment to European Christianity. Possibly it would not be now. There are those who say that Christ is coming to broken-hearted Europe, walking upon the sea of blood, and that Europe is readier to receive Him than

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she has ever been. But in the case of American Christianity there can be no doubt about the matter. Here Jesus Christ would be an Awful Embarrassment. Were He here, and were the question put to the **vote**, What shall we do with Him? It would be determined by a majority vote that He must be gotten rid of in some way—peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. I do not mean to say that the clumsy method of the Church of the first century would be resorted to. The Calvary way is too open and above board for our generation. Not for nothing has Christianity been going to school to the World. Not for nothing have the children of light been playing in the backyards and on the roof-gardens of the children of this world. But by hook and crook, by fair means or foul, He would be gotten rid of. Somebody would tip the wink, and somehow the trick would be turned. Some day His place would know Him no more, and those who were last seen with Him would be as silent as the grave and as cold and forbidding as the headstones to foolhardy inquirers. We take too much stock in this sign:—$—to take much in this:—I. H. S. Our mammonized brand of Christianity would not stand for Him! So long has it been spoon-fed on the Gold Cure by the Prince of this world as a preventative of spiritual intoxication that it has developed something like an antipathy to the real Christ.

There is not the least doubt there are many churches in America, and possibly some whole districts or dioceses, in which neither Jesus Christ nor His Apostles would be invited to preach the second time—if they ventured to speak the first time in the plain searching language in which they are reported in the New Testament to have spoken upon more than one occasion. Such preaching would almost empty some of our churches. Dives would stalk out of church, his face looking like a thundercloud, and his back like the wall on which the dismayed king saw the fatal handwriting signifying that he had been weighed in the balances and found wanting. And bright and early next day, which would prove to be a sort of blue-black Monday, the local rector or pastor would be called on for an explanation, followed by a request that in future he exercise more judgment in the selection of his preachers. Christians who play at progressive matrimony would be deeply offended by Him. The exploiters of child labor would gnash upon Him with their teeth. The prudes and purists could not abide Him. The hosts of hypocrites would pray to God to "strafe" Him. Those who supposed they had closed the deal for a country-seat in heaven for a little cold cash would be greatly irritated by His description of the Last Judgment. Those who bind heavy burdens and grievous to be borne and lay them on men's shoulders

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—those who mercilessly drive their workmen to the very utmost limit of their endurance, as for instance many of our Christian manufacturers are driving their workmen, and as many of our women-workers are driven, and all who partake of the guilty dividends made possible by such bitter bondage—the hard faces of these would be against Him. And if He should address Himself directly to the Christian Church as He did of old, saying, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! because ye shut the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye enter not in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering in to enter. Ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is become so, ye make him twofold more a son of hell than yourselves. Ye tithe—no, ye do not even tithe—ye tithe the tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have left undone the weightier matters of the law, judgment and mercy and faith: but these ye ought to have done, and not to have left the other undone. Ye blind guides, which strain out the gnat and swallow the camel. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye cleanse the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full from extortion and excess. Your offerings oftentimes are not 'holy offerings, rich and rare.' Too often they are beggarly, sometimes they are bloody, sometimes filthy. At times I turn My face for very shame when you present them at the altar. Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for your churches are like unto whited sepulchres, which outwardly appear beautiful, but inwardly are full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness. Ye serpents, ye offspring of vipers, how shall ye escape the judgment of hell?"

If, I say, Jesus should speak after this fashion to the apostate Christian Church of to-day as He spoke to the apostate Church of His day, does it not go without saying that He would be hustled out of the church in which He spoke, as He was hustled out of the synagogue in Nazareth, and the doors banged behind His back! And does any one think for a moment He would get a chance to speak in any church a second time? Of course there would be some honorable exceptions—enough, possibly, to make the general darkness visible. But for the most part He would have to find His audiences outside of our churches, and do most of His preaching from a soap-box, unannounced. If from time to time He spoke from stage or platform, it would only be here and there that He would be introduced and vouched for by the prominent leaders in our churches, clerical or lay. Those responsible for running the gigantic religious machine—for getting together the $150,000,000, more or less, to pay the annual bills of the organization—would, with some exceptions, steer clear of him. They would gravely

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question the soundness of His teachings on the subject of riches, and be inclined to think He was guilty of gross exaggeration when He declared, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Some of them would say with a tone of finality, "Why, we are doing it—and making a success of it!! That may have been true two thousand years ago, but it is preposterous to talk that way to-day. Possibly old Mammon was a heathen then, but he is a Christian now, a church member, a pew holder, a large contributor to current expenses, a builder of churches and hospitals and the like. It is most uncharitable to speak of this charitable soul in this way. Only a fanatic would do it."

Let me make myself very clear. When I say it is my deliberate conviction that the greatest possible embarrassment to Organized Christianity to-day would be the reincarnation and reappearance on earth of Jesus Christ, I of course mean the Jesus Christ of the New Testament. I mean the real Jesus Christ of whom the Record speaks. I mean Jesus Christ of whom John the Baptist said: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire." I mean that real Jesus Christ who preached repentance from sin—with the end in view of establishing a Kingdom of Righteousness on earth. I mean the real Jesus Christ who took as His commission these words of the prophets. Every other Christ is a bogus Christ. And a bogus Christ is none the less a bogus Christ for being fabricated by an ecclesiastical organization and set up as the God of the Machine. Nor is the case altered by the fact that the ecclesiastical organization happened to stand in need of a more manageable titular deity for organization purposes than the real Christ proved to be. One can readily see that the real Christ is altogether too rugged, too plain-spoken, too straightforward, too uncompromizing, too dead in earnest, to serve the purposes of such an ecclesiastical organization as the Christian Church became after its disastrous compact with the Emperor Constantine.

In the Wilderness the Founder of the Christian Church successfully resisted the temptation to gain the world by falling down and worshipping Satan. But in the fourth century the Church fell a victim to a similar temptation. Apparently it gained the world. Really it lost an essential part of its ethical soul. It became a semi-worldly organization, obsessed by the Satanic principle that self-preservation is the first law of life, and distrustful of the Christ principle that life is lost by seeking to save it, and saved by readiness to lose it. For such an organization the real Jesus Christ is an everlasting embarrassment. It is money makes the mare go, and money makes the ecclesiastical machine go, and Mammon has the money, but he remembers what the real Christ

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said about him, and he will part with none of his money to an organization that takes the Christ of the New Testament seriously enough to refuse to compliment him to his face and pat him on the back and draw the sting of the Cross from his covetous soul. The Christ enthroned in the Christian Church at this time is a Christ quite acceptable to Mammon. And no Christ except a bogus Christ could possibly be acceptable to Mammon. Between this bogus Christ and the real Christ there is a great gulf fixed. The one is a pathetic compromiser. The other is heroically uncompromising. The real Christ declares to all the world, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." The bogus Christ, without saying so in just that many words, gives Dives and Eldon Parr and the Rich Young Ruler to understand that such a declaration as that need not be taken seriously; indeed, that all passages of revolutionary import in the Bible may be taken in a Pickwickian sense. It is the reign of this bogus Christ that accounts for the scandal of modern Christianity, which is the prominence of Eldon Parr not only in the Episcopal Church and the Baptist Church, but in every other Church.

As this is one of a series of articles to be written for **The Forum** on the need of revolution as a means of saving organized religion from utter stagnation and even dissolution, I shall leave unsaid for the present many things that every thoughtful-minded person of moral earnestness will feel ought, in common fairness, to be said. I am very far from being blind to the many things that are lovely and of good report in our various religious organizations as they exist. Every real lover of Truth ought to be true to his darkness as well as to his light. But it is quite as essential for him to be as true to his light as to his darkness. I am under a very grave conviction that there is something rotten in organized religion — so rotten that the very life of the organization is seriously threatened — and I mean to put my finger on the rottenness if I can and say in no uncertain voice that I think the rottenness ought to be cut out at whatever cost without delay. But it is no part of my purpose to make out a worse case for organized religion than the facts justify. I am a good deal less pessimistic about the condition of organized religion to-day than Isaiah was when he said, "From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and festering sores." Nevertheless, I am of the opinion that the Christian Church is in a sorry plight—in a condition that is at once a shame and a reproach to herself and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The Christian Church seems to me to be as much under the unholy spell of Mammon as Trilby was under the unholy spell of Svengali.

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A FORECAST OF RUSSIAN FREEDOM

A Russian Military Officer

A GREAT political revolution began in Russia a year ago in the Carpathian Mountains. It was started by the shortage of heavy ammunition which brought about the Russian retreat. This shortage has so far been the greatest governmental crime of the war; it caused a futile loss of life without parallel in history. The appalling horror of that disaster has at last awakened the Russian **muzhik** from centuries of lethargy and ignorance. Already there is abundant evidence that he is party to a revolution which will make Russia free.

There are several reasons why the coming revolution, unlike the many abortive ones that have preceded it, cannot fail. The Muscovite bureaucrats, always the bitter enemies of progress and freedom in Russia, have brought their own ruin upon themselves. Their tyranny, their greed and corruption were directly responsible for the shell shortage of the Russian armies.

The coming revolution cannot fail; millions of peasant soldiers entrenched from the sand flats of Riga to the Pripet marshes are now being thoroughly schooled in the fact that the defeats their arms have suffered were caused by the shameless treason of the despots who affect to govern them. Because of the ruthless suppression of education by the bureaucrats, resulting in a dearth of scientists and skilled workmen, Russia's industrial system collapsed soon after the outbreak of the war. The soldiers and the people know this. For the first time in any Russian revolution the great mass of the people will take part in the demand for political reform.

Russia had men enough, food enough, holy zeal enough to conquer a world of enemies. Her preparation for her invasion of Teuton lands was more deliberate and thorough than is generally believed. In her new Commander in Chief, Grand Duke Nicholas, she possessed a military genius. Yet Russia failed, could not help but fail: the bureaucratic ban on enlightenment, the wholesale piracy of public funds, the cancerous blight of official immorality—all inevitable concomitants of government by assassination—crippled her industrial life—thereby causing the shell shortage—ravaged her splendid energy and rotted her very vitals.

Americans are amazed and shamed to find their city officials looting their municipal treasuries; they are horrified at the spectacle of Mexican bandits pillaging mines and banks and murdering their American officials in cold blood; but soon now they will be

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forced to learn that beyond the Carpathians and the Vistula a gang of courteous, ostentatiously uniformed, imperial blacklegs has for a hundred years been robbing and ravishing one hundred and fifty helpless millions of the most patient people on earth. The crime they staged in the Carpathians will be their last. The transformation of the Imperial Russian conscripts into a people's army, now going on, is one of the most portentous political facts before the world to-day. It presages liberty for a population nearly twice that of the United States, inhabiting a seventh of the land surface of the earth.

During the first months of the war, three millions of our brown-coated peasants marched singing beneath the banners of God into hostile territory. As each reviewing General swept by them, they saluted briskly and eagerly chorused their stirring, "Glad to try, Your High Born Excellency!" While the supply of ammunition lasted, they battled gloriously in Galicia, Poland and East Prussia. They overwhelmed one of the most impregnable forts in Europe; they drove hundreds of thousands of their enemy before them. They were the only **entente** warriors who overran and held whole regions of Teuton soil.

The dormant cities and villages of Holy Russia were wakened by shouts of rejoicing, and the solemn Slavic song of victory, **Den Slavyanstva nastal** ("The Day of Slavdom Has Come"), rose throughout the Empire. The Russian tricolor fluttered everywhere; strangers hugged each other with joy in the streets; parades headed by golden-robed priests bearing icons filed out of the churches; women who had lost sweethearts and husbands found consolation for their sorrow in the news of victory, and burned candles of gratitude upon the sacred altars. Germany's clutch on the throat of our "Birthland" had been loosened. Western Europe applauded: the New World held its breath.

Then with the first snow that winter came the terrible news of explosions of vast stores of ammunition. "Accidents," said the official reports; "German spies," said those who knew. The songs of victory died down and finally ceased altogether as week after week the events of that disastrous winter became known. With dismay, officers and soldiers at the front learned that the German element was still dominant at court and that the Grand Duke's appointment to the post of Commander-in-Chief had not pleased them. We heard how the Chief of the Corps of Special Gensdarmes in Petrograd, which had been ordered to unmask German spies, had been himself convicted and hanged as a German spy. We learned that General Rennenkampf, second in command, had been removed for incompetency, that Colonel Myasoedoff, guardian of

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the immensely important frontier post at Eydtkuhnen, had been found guilty of treason and had met the same fate, and that other military officers had been put in irons or hanged for treason by the Grand Duke's orders. While our sturdy muzhiks fought and died, our Prussianized bureaucrats at court and our inefficient, morally flabby army chiefs betrayed their country by vile acts of treachery.

Then came the staggering climax. While we were pouring into Hungary through the passes of the Carpathians, and gazing upon fields of conquest as fair as have ever been seen by soldier's eye; while Przemysl was being reduced and taken, Cracow being evacuated, and our armies were upon the eve of victories which might long since have ended the war, a precipitate retreat from the Carpathians began.

There was no heavy ammunition. Through hours of despair the peasants waited. Then, while our long lines of field guns remained cold and silent in the snow, the German loosed upon us millions of shells which literally blew our soldiers out of their trenches, annihilated them, buried them alive. Trainloads of Russian shells were dragged up to the trenches and frantically unloaded. Many were found filled with sawdust! Other shells were found to be too large or too small to fit the guns.

The Russian war ministry had promised to undertake a campaign which would draw German troops from the western front; the Russian people hungered for further conquests. "On to Cracow!" "On to Berlin!" were the cries raised throughout the Empire. "Send us shells!" cried our officers and gunners at the front. Our army was compelled to try to advance. Some of our officers who refused to lead charges were shot. A number deserted. Legions of our **muzhiks,** bewildered, blessed by their priests, blindly, heroically obeyed their officers and plunged into hells of fire. It was flesh and blood against steel and dynamite. And so a million of our peasants died. Nevertheless, having fought through the entire Carpathian campaign as a Major of the Russian army, I here propose briefly to tell my experience to the American people.

I arrived late in December, 1914, in Brest-Litovsk in command of a battalion of the Forty-eighth division. As we marched through the streets of that city, we noticed that there was not a whole pane of glass in any of the windows. The inhabitants told us that on December 18th the arsenal containing a vast store of heavy ammunition had exploded with such violence that the whole city was shaken as by a mighty earthquake. We were told that the people were thrown into a wild panic. Many believed the earth had opened to swallow them, and the ignorant people ran terrified through the streets crying that the end of the world had come. A

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report was given out that the catastrophe was an "accident." By this one explosion a vast quantity of shells stored up for the Galician campaign was destroyed.

On January 16, 1915, Grand Duke Nicholas issued an order asking his officers to do everything possible to conserve the ammunition supply, adding that "the shells now available will not last beyond March." About the middle of February another order came from the Grand Duke limiting us to two shells a day per field gun.

Towards the end of March we reached the Hungarian village of Bartfeld. Finding the Austrians there in large numbers, we entrenched. Bartfeld is in northern Hungary, about thirty miles southwest of Dukla Pass. It was a critical position, on the western-most battle line which our armies established on enemy soil. My division, together with the Forty-ninth division and the Forty-eighth regiment of Siberian Rifles, dug in deeply to the north and east of Bartfeld.

It was about April 16th, I believe, that the Austrian gunners began to shell our position. The destruction their big guns wrought was more terrible than anything I had believed possible. I cannot describe it. They literally blew our trenches in upon us. We were actually covered up by our own earthen breastworks.

Hourly we expected the arrival of shells with which to reply. None ever came. Had we been able to reply, they could never have driven us from our positions. We were helpless. Thousands of our men stuck grimly to their posts and died and were buried by the enemy's shells. Hungarian prisoners captured later declared that 1,400,000 shells and shrapnel were fired from Bartfeld during that bombardment. I do not know how long it lasted. I have no memory of the time that passed. It must have been several days. I only remember that we finally attempted to charge but were driven back.

Then the Austrians broke from their trenches and charged under cover of their heavy guns. The remnants of the Forty-eighth regiment and the Forty-ninth division, driven from their trenches, retreated in the direction of Dukla Pass. They were annihilated to a man. My division managed to remain in its trenches a few days longer.

It was a frightful rout. The Germans and Austrians pursued us the entire thirty miles. We reached the Pass only to discover that it was already in the possession of the Germans. We set out for Uzok Pass, over a hundred miles to the southeast. The Teutons had preceded us there also. So we returned to a point about midway between the two passes and began to fight our way across.

We were exhausted. Only one thousand of us were left. Gen-

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eral Korniloff, wounded in an arm and a leg, had to be carried. We had thrown away our banners, blankets, luggage, even the religious vestments of the priests, the most precious part of our impedimenta. Although the weather was mild, we suffered the tortures of hunger and thirst. Enemy patrols seemed to be everywhere. Over 500 of our men were killed in seven different encounters with these patrols.

On April 23rd we reached the plains of Galicia and staggered into a bivouac of our army. Of the 20,000 men and 250 officers with which my division entered Hungary, there remained 300 men and 11 officers.

We were given supplies, patched up, and ordered to proceed to Rawa Ruska. There, at regimental review, each of the 311 men was decorated with the St. George Cross and we were all promised a furlough to return to our homes for a rest. Instead of being allowed to leave, however, the division was filled up with raw, poorly trained reserves, and made part of the corps commaned by General Lesch, which at once proceeded to the front at Rawa Ruska.

A few days after I took charge of my new battalion occurred the incident that forced me to desert. Colonel Potapoff ordered me to lead my men in a charge against the opposing German trenches. The enemy there was entrenched behind log-enforced earthworks, solidly constructed by their engineers, and protected in front by elaborate barbed wire entanglements. Their first line was furthermore adequately supported by field guns and maxims.

I pointed out these facts to the Colonel, adding that I did not care for my own life but that I was reluctant to command my men to make a useless sacrifice of their lives.

Colonel Potapoff replied: "You have received your orders and you will obey them."

"I will not murder my men," I replied.

The Colonel became enraged. "You will obey my orders or suffer the penalty provided by the regulations!" he shouted at me.

"I will not obey any command to send my men against these trenches," I replied, also growing angry. "You know well enough, High Honorable, that with no artillery to prepare the way and with no ammunition for our machine guns, not a single man will reach the enemy." But my anger got the better of me, too, and I shouted in a rage: "Shoot if you will, you damned brute, but I'll never murder my men!"

My superior grew very red and swore. At this I jerked out my revolver and would have shot the Colonel right there had not a fellow officer standing near me seized my arm.

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Colonel Potapoff departed, saying he would report me at once to the division commander. While he was gone a fresh division was ordered to take our places in the trenches, and we retired to a small woods in the rear for a few days' rest.

That night, realizing that I could never be of any more use to the army, even if I escaped the punishment awaiting me for my action, I ventured out of the woods, reported to the sentinels that I had been detailed to make topographical notes of the region, came upon a peasant driving his cart to Rawa Ruska, and rode with him to that city. I displayed my certificate of having been wounded, which I had kept, travelled to Archangel and took passage to America.

But I must get back to the betrayal of the soldiers that made up the armies, betrayal in sending them into battles and invasions without weapons to fight, and leaving them not only without means to win battles, but without means to save their own lives—leaving them to be annihilated, massacred! And I must get back, too, to the revolution that I think is inevitable when the war is over.

Any explanation for American readers of how the shortage of ammunition for the Russian army came about must be preceded by the emphatic statement that the Russian people as a whole are not to be confused with the comparatively small **chinovnik,** or official government class, upon whose heads the guilt for this crime lies. All Russia, in fact, is divided into two classes, the people and the **chinovniks.** The **chinovniks** wear the uniforms, have preference shown them everywhere, and are entangled—always to their own profit—in the endless red tape of the Russian government. The assertion that we Russians are "brutal" and "barbarous" is absolutely false. The true nature of the pastoral **muzhik,** the city merchant, the average tea-drinking, home-loving Russian, has not yet been fully made known to the world. Our great Russian writers tend to depict only our weaknesses.

The corruption of our higher **chinovniks,** on the other hand, is beyond belief. I often came into contact with our hierarchy of grafting officials. I have seen factories, churches, tenements, temperance societies, charity funds exploited and robbed with imperial approval. Even though, strictly speaking, I am myself a **chinovnik,** yet time and again I was unspeakably exasperated at finding myself face to face with the necessity of paying bribes and extortionate fees in order to transact the most trifling business engagement. I have seen my fellow officers pocket half the appropriation for the army commissariat, while our soldiers ate soup filled with worms.

There has always been antagonism between the Russian people and the **chinovnichestvo** (officialdom). The **chinovniks,** holders

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of the "chin" or rank of which there are fourteen degrees, were created by Peter the Great, who hoped by this method to democratize state service and wrest it from the aristocracy and families of ancient lineage, the **Boyars.** To gain the loyalty of this newly created social group, the Russian autocrats, notably Catherine II., in the eighteenth century, granted them special privileges, gifts of land and serfs. Thus a new clan distinction, the aristocracy of the **chin** or rank, was developed. Its political shibboleth has always been, "The people for the government, not the government for the people."

One of the political dogmas of the **chinovnichestvo** is that it can perpetuate itself only among an illiterate people. For half a century it has systematically stifled the yearning of the youth of Russia for education by forcing on them in the secondary schools a pseudo-classical curriculum and eliminating as far as possible all the natural sciences. "Russia must be kept frozen in ignorance," it declared, "in order that it may not become putrid." The reactionary Minister of Public Instruction, Demetrius Tolstoi, forty years ago drove away over three-quarters of the young men and women who swarmed to the cities begging for a higher education. His successor, Delyanov, in 1887, "in order to avoid feeling of discontent and bitter resentment against the inequalities of social station which are inevitable by the very nature of things," excluded from the higher schools "all but three per cent. of Jews, sons of coachmen, domestic servants, cooks, laundresses, green-grocers, and such people." They and their treacherous supporters made possible the shell shortage and the resulting great retreat. **For Russia failed in the Carpathians not only because of graft and greed, but because she lacked scientifically trained men and skilled mechanics.**

Russia is the only belligerent nation whose rulers seem to have deliberately and wilfully prepared the way for an inevitable defeat. Some **chinovniks** knew that the Russian arsenals were stocked with defective shells, shells loaded with sawdust; and those **chinovniks** remained silent because their twenty-five per cent. graft depended upon the fact that sawdust is cheaper than powder.

Consequently, last winter, while the whole allied world looked to Russia to confirm her victories, she could not rally. Germanic bureaucrats had furthermore stocked Russia's factories with German managers and artisans. These withdrew at the first alarm. The factories were left paralyzed. Russia found herself helpless because she had closed the doors of her schools to her children. Those same Jews, coachmen and green-grocers, the proletariat foundation upon which Russia's future greatness is to be built,

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might have saved her in her hour of supreme need had opportunity for education been given them.

To-day Russia's life-blood, in the shape of rifles and shells, is flowing in an endless stream of cars from little Japan. Little Japan! who has become the prodigy of nations because her patriotism is her religion and her government has placed her children at the feet of the greatest teachers in the world. It is even said that during the Japanese war Japanese soldiers taught the Russian prisoners to read Russian.

Corruption, immorality and incompetence have flourished in every war Russia has waged for the last hundred years. Elaborate proof of the scandalous conduct of the officers in the Japanese war has been provided by many investigators, including General Kuropatkin himself. The password among the officers' quarters was **"Cherchez la vodka, cherchez la femme."** A trainload of clothes sewn and sent by the wives and sweethearts of the soldiers was sold and the money put in the officers' pockets. Several of the generals actually stated that they were anxious to have the war continue so that the plundering could go on. At Ku-chiatzu nineteen officers of the Tomboff regiment, after being repeatedly warned of their danger, were killed while making their toilets and drinking tea. Loose women were found in the officers' tents even at the front at Liao-Yang.

The revolutionary agitation being carried on at present in the Russian ranks is therefore not without precedent. The present grievances transcend those of all other wars. Because of the magnitude of the Carpathian disaster the great mass of our people now know and understand better than ever before. Our illiterate, hoodwinked peasants are shaking off their age-long lethargy. Murder has opened their eyes; a war of invasion has schooled them; poverty and hunger will steel their souls for revolt.

A great change has come about during the war in the relation between the officer and his men. First of all, there are but few of our old school of officers left. They used to be an arrogant crew who held aloof from their men, vain of their social distinction. I am sure that more than seventy-five per cent of them have been killed or taken prisoners. The first battle I took part in at Krasnik cost us almost all our original officers. There were 40,000 men and officers in the army corps and only about 6,000 survived.

New officers were secured from several sources. First, there were the few who were in the military academies at the beginning of the war. They were graduated by a short cut. Then there were the officers of the reserve. These are usually men with university education who serve a year as privates in time of peace but in time

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of war are used as reserve officers. They are a different set of men entirely from the regular officers. Then later a number of University students themselves were taken. They were made officers after a few months' training at the military academies. These young men are our intellectuals, and have always been friends of the people and opposed to the government. Now they are fraternizing with the soldiers at the front. They have made our trenches a sort of school on politics and citizenship. They are telling our soldiers that the bureaucracy has fastened ignorance upon them.

Now, we make officers also from among our factory workers; they are much more intelligent than the peasants. They are now utilized as officers after a little training. I had men in my battalion who left the trench as privates and after two months of training back home were returned as officers. When they come back they change their attitude but little towards their old comrades. Russia's army to-day, men and officers alike, is an army of the people, and for the people! There is little sympathy in that army for the old military traditions.

Our new officers are comrades with their men. They talk with them and share their burdens with them during the weary hours of trench life. They tell the ignorant **muzhik,** as well as the more alert workman from the cities, about our government and the cause of its mismanagement. This war has educated and united our people. We are against the bureaucracy who caused our defeat. The slogan of revolt has already begun to spread through all the army: **"Pravitelstvo vinovato!"** ("The government is guilty!") When our soldiers return home they will even scores with the bureaucrats. Our army to-day is a revolutionary army.

The Russian prison camps in Germany, containing nearly a million destitute, disgruntled peasants, are likewise seething with revolutionary agitation. There too the "intellectuals" are at work. There too the slogan of revolt is heard amid their indescribable physical and spiritual distress: "The government is guilty!"

The Russian people will support the war to its conclusion. But when peace comes, unless reforms are voluntarily and irrevocably granted by the bureaucrats, already terror-stricken, a period of violence and terrorism such as Russia and the world have never before witnessed will come like a bloody scourge. An economic cataclysm, and an inevitable famine, will precipitate the crisis, as the bread riots precipitated the French Revolution. Even in the days before the war the consumption of bread was habitually thirty per cent. below the quantity necessary to preserve the vital force of an adult. Seventy per cent. of the peasants had not enough

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grain for subsistence. This was brought about by the necessity the peasant was under to pay exorbitant taxes, and because of the excessive exportation of wheat. The revenues of the Empire were built upon a foundation of hunger. The agricultural population of Russia actually bought more agricultural produce than it sold. The manufacture and sale of the "white poison," vodka, was the government's greatest single asset. If it attempts to sell vodka again and profit by universal drunkenness, that too, will serve as an incentive to revolt.

War debts will force the government to desperate expedients. It will not dare to bleed the peasants by still more extortionate taxes. Even before the war the prices of the peasants' necessities were nearly doubled by indirect taxes. The muzhik, on account of his debts, had again become an economic serf. The Empire's industries will be paralyzed at the close of hostilities; everywhere there will be poverty and distress. Rapid readjustments, possible in other countries, will not be easily effected in Russia. The soldiers will not return to their machines without demanding reforms they have long clamored for in vain.

I can see visions of the days of terror, agonized suffering and heroic effort that will convulse my country to its very soul! Already a horde of ten thousand refugees—old men, women, and children—has fled from smoking homes and devastated fields in the western war area and all these people are living in poverty and misery on other peasants and in other homes bereft of husbands and sons. These refugees and the millions that will return from the trenches will beg food and shelter. The bureaucrats, as ever before, will answer their cries with specious manifestos and brutal acts of terroristic repression. But my people will understand; my people will know. There will be leaders to guide them. The red flag of revolt will again be raised. Upon its crimson folds my brave countrymen, no longer ignorant, will see the blood of our brothers shed so needlessly, so hopelessly, in their martyrdom in the Carpathians. Then throughout the Empire the voices of our slaughtered dead will be heard through the hungry voices of the living in the cry, "The government is guilty!"

My country, I pray God, will be purged of its official rottenness. If it is, a New Russia will emerge. The New Russia will make liberty and justice the common inheritance of all its citizens; all races of whatsoever creed will be given equal rights to live and flourish; and the darkness of ignorance will be replaced by enlightenment and civilization.

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GOD IS A DEMOCRAT

EDMUND VANCE COOKE

God is a democrat. If it so be
Out of the Nothing He raised You and Me,
Yet, even so, without us He were naught.
There is no mind which can contain the thought
Of a Creator ere Creation was.
If Man were impotent without that Cause
Which we call God, still is the answer terse;
For what were God without His Universe?

Aye, We who, endless, march beneath the Eye
And bravely live, though knowing that We die,
Who suffer and are strong, who brave the rod,
In that much We are greater than is God,
Who may not suffer and who may not know
The heights of courage in the depths of woe.

Say you He made Us whatsoe'er we are
And hence we are His toys to make or mar?
I say not so. He could not make Us less
And still be measure of his Needfulness.
Or, if He could, He did not; so He chose
To make Us partners with Him. Hence uprose
This world, in which, according to its Plan,
God may not function save by help of Man.

God is a democrat and You and I
Shame His example if We do not try
To make a democratic Earth, forgetting all
The difference between the great and small,
The fair and swart, the cultured and the crude,
Remembering only Man's infinitude
At one with God's. Under, then, what polity
May man deny Man's right to man's equality?

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THE THING CALLED WAR

SIGMUND HENSCHEN

Is the world entering a military Era? Are we advocating Preparedness as AGAINST war or FOR war? The most of the personal narratives from the scene of the great war are more notable for what they don't tell than what they reveal. For this the censor has been blamed, or the editor's blue pencil, owing to personal sympathies or antipathies. The Forum asked one of the foremost of the war correspondents to portray war exactly as he saw it. The hideous thing is photographed here without any glamor.

WAR is a brave figure in glistening steel. War surrounds itself with the snapping pennons of lances and the burnished helmets of cuirassiers. War likes brass bands. It likes new uniforms, new rifles, everything bright and new and polished. War hypnotizes; men rush into it recklessly.

As we motored into Vie en Artois, the sun broke through the gray dreariness of sky. Up a narrow hill street with the powerful staff car, waking the echoes among the low white stone buildings, two or three French peasants in wooden shoes, flattening themselves against the wall to escape the muddy spray from the conquerors; and we stopped in what seemed to be the village center. One had an idea that shutters were being slowly pushed open and that there were frightened, bewildered eyes behind. One saw a proclamation pasted to the wall of the church—**Avis!**—it was the orders of the conquerors. The people in Vis en Artois must do exactly what the conquerors prescribed for them. Germans with bayonetted rifles paced outside their homes. War had come to Vis en Artois.

War had come to a number of young men whom we found in a courtyard. It was a courtyard filled with stacks of hay and manure piles; and it reeked with ammoniac odors. They were undersized men with the drawn look that comes from exacting occupation. They were divided into squads; drill sergeants were watching them. They were doing the "goose step," proudly clapping their boots on the cobbled court. We learned they were new recruits being given a last stiffening drill before going under fire for the first time. They were to go that night.

In the distance began the band drum of guns. It seemed to electrify the young men in the new uniforms, for their feet stamped the louder and their saluting hands snapped up like machines and into their faces had come that impatient, intolerant look—this unbearable biding with harmless drilling in a manure-strewn yard,

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while the music of war played for them to march. What a lark it seemed for most of them!

"They are all Saxons," an officer was saying. "They all come from a mining section."

So that was it. And I remembered what a German socialist had said of this Saxon mining class, notoriously poor and short-lived, their years stolen from them by work underground. No wonder they had pranced at the sound of guns! The war was for them a deliverance—into what?

Across the street from the stenches of the court contrasted a school yard paved with brick; hedges bloomed in pretty red tubs. The sun, as if to make it up to those men crouching in the trenches but four miles away, streamed forth in a glory before setting. One looked for the school-house door to be flung open and for the children to come pouring forth. We entered the school-room. It was in a class to the left we saw the cots. They were twelve cots, made of rough boards. Upon them lay twelve men. They were wan, unshaven men, quite motionless, as though dead, although at the sound of our approach their eyes followed us in a disinterested stare—what did anything matter? Under the covers one of them seemed to tremble. As I walked beside his bed, sweat stood out on his face.

"How high is his fever?" I asked the surgeon.

"He has no fever; he is sweating with pain."

Faintly, from the manure-strewn courtyard a cheer floated across the street. Had the young Saxons been told they were to start for the trenches? One wondered if this was to be their deliverance—the beds of unpainted wood—a man sweating with pain. . . .

Like the men, the women were caught up in the first mad fury of the war. When regiments were going to stations, they marched martially through the streets, singing. They hurriedly married, many of them. Were not heroes going to the front? That was in the beginning. War brings out the fascinating uniforms; it creates many things; it creates information offices. It created one in a red brick building in Berlin. It used to be the Assembly Room of the War Academy, swarming in peace time with young shaven-headed officers schooling for the General Staff. But now only civilians come and go from the building; women with shawls wrapped around their heads; women with yellow-topped boots, whose motors wait by the curb; and children clinging to the hands of women, all entering and leaving by the gray stone portals. And some of the faces were happy; other women stumble along with heavy steps. It is there they learn the truth about war.

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Imagine yourself in a big, high-ceilinged room, an arc of flat-topped desks, behind them, gentle-spoken, elderly men; in front of them, a vagueness of people. These people had the faces of those who wait outside steamship offices when a liner is missing—a composite of the faces of Martinique, San Francisco and Galveston. It dawned upon one that the decorations of the room were singularly appropriate—the pillars and walls of gray marble, oppressively sensing coldness, insistently cold, like a tomb. And all around, one felt the presence of death. It was the Hall of Dead Hopes.

Soldiers of the Berlin Garrison were used there. They went to the information files while the gentle-spoken elderly men calmed the inquirers. A soldier was on duty for the first time.

"I cannot imagine what is keeping him so long," one of the elderly clerks told a woman with a veil. "He will come any minute. There he is now. Excuse me, please."

And wishing to intercept the news, if it were bad, so as to break it gently, the elderly clerk hurried to meet the soldier. But, catching sight of him, the soldier clicked his heels together in a salute and, as if he were delivering a report to an officer, his voice boomed out, "Dead." . . . They carried the woman with the veil to another room. . . .

Go into the Savoy at afternoon tea hour. War has come to London. You can see it in every strata, in women, incapable of surviving in the new survival of the fittest, that the war has created. With their husbands gone to war, they cannot, through inherent weakness, make their only way, as many of their sisters in England are doing. You can see war in these fashionable women at the Savoy, restlessly going here, there, artificially busying themselves every hour—in order to forget. And these are the women who do not sorrow—in public. And like most women they can see their loved ones off to the front, without weeping—until the train has gone. . . .

You can see war in the square before the Cathedral of Notre Dame. In twos and threes the people walked towards the church, its gargoyles grinning an ironic welcome. Vespers seem to be the most popular service in Paris these days. There came women in black, and their faces, like their raiment—we're in a democracy—the level of sorrow. It was noticeable that their wounds have thrown men together in little groups. Those on crutches walked together. Those on wheel chairs were rolled along side by side. Others appeared to have nothing the matter with them. They did not limp; their bodies were whole. They generally walked three abreast. The man in the middle had his arms linked with his comrades on either side. He, of three, still had the power of sight. . . .

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The first hospital train brought war to Paris. The wounded were being unloaded. There was one man whom they didn't carry out on a stretcher. He walked quite erect. He seemed entirely sound. Of a sudden he bent over cowering. His face was terror-stricken. He ducked his head and held his hands as if protecting himself from a blow. He screamed.

"What's the matter with him?" some one asked.

"He thinks he hears the shells bursting. He is mad." . . .

Like outraged Belgium, East Prussia knows war. The East Prussia I know is the highway to Pilkallen. Snow-white rolling farmland dug with bloody trenches, the avenue of trees scarred with shrapnel and shell, the wayside strewn with soldiers' frozen clothing, splintered rifle butts, abandoned cannon, all the frightful debris of war! Six days ago the Russians had fled down this road, on their heels the Germans, breaking through at Pilkallen for their drive into the land of the Czar. A vital chapter in the history of this war began along this road. . . . But I shall not remember it as such.

Rather I shall always think of East Prussia as a frozen road down which tired women are dragging their steps. Since leaving Stallupoenen I have counted seventeen, broad-hipped, healthy farmer women, some with scrub-faced girls, of the braided pigtail age, their dresses yet to fall below the tops of their shoes—the kind you see every afternoon coming out of our grammar schools. You think the fear of God is in the hearts of these women, honest folk, a sturdy self-reliant peasantry. But as our motor rushes by, they seem not to want to look at us, hanging their heads or turning wearily to gaze across the empty snow fields; and the little girls with the pigtails seem not to understand, some of them, but others are crying. In groups of threes and fours we overtake them, all dragging along, all seeming as though some awful calamity had befallen them, as though life had suddenly become futile and grim. "They have been driven from their homes," I thought.

We drove into Pilkillen, whose houses are now wrecks, the skies showing through the shell holes—home after home cannonaded, pillaged, burned. But it is not that which will never let me forget Pilkillen. Always there will be the little town hall, the huddle of women outside, the hanging heads, the same good faces, but empty now of all the beautiful hope in life, the same little girls with the looks that seem not to understand. A black-shawled woman, pulling a rosy-faced girl by the hand, crossed the street. She looked about her bewildered; then she saw us. As if in her distraction she must pour it out to someone, she rushed up to us and sobbed: "I kissed the Cossack's hand; I fell on my knees be-

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fore him." And choking out her horror, she turned to the girl with the rosy cheeks, who seemed too dazed to speak. . . .

And so war came to East Prussia. I followed its scorching breath over Poland. We came in towards Warsaw after the fighting. We covered the section from the villages of Blondie and Grojec. That was a land in which soldiers had for weeks been the only human beings. From it a terrified population had fled. With the first distant boom of the approaching German guns, the Polish farmers had fled towards Warsaw. With a last boom of the Russian artillery retreating eastward, the Polish farmers had left Warsaw to come back to their homes. They found their fields gaping with the monstrous pockmarks of shells. The roads were choked with the long rickety Polish farm carts, mired in the mud, the ill-fed horses dropping dead. One thought of a Biblical migration. Weeks later I saw the refugees again. They had found their homes and the homes were ruins. But these industrious Poles were building new homes. And here is the sinister part of it. Near Blondie I saw a man who was building his house in the ground. He said he had seen the bomb-proofs of the soldiers. This time he would build a house so low that the shells would miss it, fly over it. Think of a fear inspiring one to build his home in the ground. . . .

One could write endlessly of the sufferings in Poland, of the bread lines in Warsaw, of the poverty that war brought to the city, forcing girls to walk along the Nowy Swiat, Polish for the name of a street called "The New World"—a place the Poles generally associate with hope.

But come to Belgium. We were going from Liege to Brussels. Outside Liege our train was held up. Poverty-stricken children scrambled toward the track side and cried, "Bread! Bread! Give us bread." Yes, children saw war in Belgium. They saw it in Louvain, the night it burned. A German officer told me the story. I shall give it in his own words.

"It was that hot August night, and as we rode up the street from the station, every house was ablaze. The air was filled with sparks and falling tiles. Lest he run over the bodies of Belgians and Germans, our chauffeur had to steer a zig-zag course from curb to curb. The rifles going, the burning houses falling, on the roofs and in the windows Belgians and German soldiers with rifles. It was terrible beyond all words! Whenever I saw a Belgian, I turned my pistol on him and yelled, "Hands up." Sometimes, when I thought he was going to fire, I fired without yelling. By some miracle we got out of that burning street alive, and as we came to the Plaza, I saw three children, little boys, not more than

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ten. They were standing beside a dead horse. They were pulling hairs out of his tail, presumably to make horsehair rings. Their feet were in a pool of blood. I was sick. Then I saw some Belgians on the curb. "Hands up!" I yelled. And each little boy dropped his horse hairs, and, looking at me with those terrible young faces, slowly put up his hands. I guess they had seen enough that night to think I meant it. Poor kids."

War brings military law. Here you are used to entering and leaving your home when you like. You are used to going into what restaurants and cafés you like. You are used to walking on the streets you like and as late as you like. You are used to an alternative—when you come abreast of a person you either get out of his way or he gets out of your way. If you are in a captured city or town you get out of the conqueror's way. He never dreams of getting out of yours. That is military law in a nutshell.

They have it in all the cities of France and Belgium that the Germans have captured. When I was in Lille, every French person had to be off the streets by eight o'clock at night. I saw two Frenchmen try to enter a large café on the Plaza. They had to leave at once; it was only for German officers. I saw the owner of the best hotel in the city, his house filled with German officers, compelled to board and lodge them, and thought it an imposition until I saw them pay him cash. At least, I thought he was one person who wasn't suffering from the war. And then later we learned where this "cash" came from. As a "punishment" the Germans had levied a tax on the City of Lille which was paid out of the municipal treasury—which money was turned over to the soldiers and officers, so that the hotel and shopkeepers would receive cash; and remain in good humor.

Upon entering Lille—and this is what would happen to New York if it were captured by any enemy—the German commandeered the food supply. They allowed the bakers to buy a certain amount of flour a day. Quite ironically, the Germans put the same high price on flour that the blockade has placed upon it in their own country. At that price the bakers of Lille refused to buy it. One day the starving people of Lille raided the bake shops. The Mayor of Lille took up the matter with the Germans. They suggested that the Mayor pay the difference in the price out of the municipal treasury. He did. The municipal treasury continued to be drained in a similar way. To-day Lille is bankrupt—a city of wrecked business. . . .

Boys do not understand war. There was a Belgian boy in Malines who did not understand war. Like most boys he liked guns when they weren't shooting. There was a battery of Ger-

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man guns in the village square; the caissons filled with ammunition stood beside the shining pieces. The boy began to play around the ammunition carts. A sentry ordered him to go away. Being a boy, he sneaked back. The sentry shouted at him. The boy ran off and came back a third time. This time the sentry was about one hundred yards away when he saw the boy start to take a shell from the wagon. The soldier became greatly excited, lifted his rifle and fired. You see, the boy might have blown up all the ammunition in the carts, and war makes shells much more valuable than boys. . . .

Suwalki is a town in Russia, a great Russian church, its slender minarets gracefully protruding above a dome of gold. Past the pale blue fence palings of the Russian garrison barracks we saw the boys. They seemed to be playing a game. A little fellow whose round fur hat and brown pea-jacket was typical of his chums, was poking at something with a stick. Greatly excited, he called the boys, who seemed to be looking for something across the road in the snow. Stridently he called to them.

And we saw that the youngster was poking the snow away from a big, bearded man in a sheepskin cap. The game the Russian boys were playing was "Hunting the Dead." . . .

Birds with black wings and heads know war. They are among the few living things on the face of the earth that like it. The shells do not scare them away. At night they flock to the fields of battle. They are at Verdun. These days they are weak-winged, as though too heavy to fly strong. Further on, in the fields around Verdun, after the tide of battle has swept past them, there are heaps, quite without shape. The birds watch these heaps from the sky. There are bristles of barbed wire entanglements around Verdun—acres of wire blown to pieces with the shells, other acres trampled upon, in the rush that won a trench. And just behind the wires is a trench, a deep, long pit, that months before, those who were alive then, had dug for themselves.

It is a pit filled with debris and men. They are queer men. You would think them marionettes, only their legs and arms are horribly still. There are men who seem to stand on their heads, their feet over the trench tops, turned soles to the sky. Somehow they give you the impression of being all legs and arms. They seem huddled. All but one. He like his comrades is French—he is standing in a trench on the slopes of Douaumont. His face is turned in the direction the Germans charged—always facing. He is standing because the piled dead brace him so that he cannot fall. . . . He went to war.

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THE DEATH-SHIP IN THE SKY

WHAT A ZEPPELIN RAID MEANS

PERRITON MAXWELL

The writer of this article is known in Europe and America as one of the foremost editors of the world. He witnessed the visitation of the Death-Ship described.

FOR twenty-six years old Tom Cumbers had held his job as switchman at the Walthamstow railroad junction where the London-bound trains come up from Southend to the great city. It was an important post and old Tom filled it with stolid British efficiency. A kindly man who felt himself an integral part of the giant railroad system that employed him, old Tom had few interests beyond his work, his white-haired wife, his reeking pipe and the little four-room tenement in Walthamstow which he called home. The latter was one of the thousands of two-storied rabbit-hatches of sooty, yellow brick, all alike and all incredibly ugly, which stretch, mile upon mile, from Walthamstow toward London's tumultuous heart.

Within a radius of four dun miles, just on the nearer edge of Epping Forest—the scene in a forgotten day of Robin Hood's adventurings—a section of these huddling homes of the submerged, together with a street of trams and some pathetic shops, constitute this town of Walthamstow. It is a sordid, unlovely place, but for some ten thousand wage-strugglers it is all of England. There are workshops hereabout in which one may mingle one's copious sweat with the grime of machinery and have fourteen shillings a week into the bargain—if one is properly skilled and muscular and bovinely plodding. Walthamstow is not the place where one would deliberately choose to live if bread could be earned elsewhere with equal certainty. But for all its dirt and dullness it has a spot on the map and a meaning in the dull souls of its inhabitants, and here, within half an hour's train travel of the Lord Mayor's Mansion and the golden vaults of the Bank of England, transpired on the sweltering night of which I write, one of the most witless and appalling tragedies of the present war. Forever memorable in the hitherto colorless calendar of Walthamstow will be this tragedy in the second year of Armageddon.

Beyond the stenchful heat-stress of it, there was nothing up to half-past eleven to mark this night as different from its fellows of the past. From eight o'clock till ten the small activities of the town centered chiefly about its tramway terminus, its smudgy

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station, its three or four moving-picture theatres, and its fetid pubs. On the pavements, in the roadways and at every crossing, corduroyed men yawned and spat, and slatternly women, most of them with whimpering infants in their arms, talked of shop or household cares and the frailties of their neighbors. Some, more alive to the big events of a clashing world, repeated the meagre news of the ha'penny press and dwelt with prideful fervor on the latest bit of heroism reported from the front. Now and again an outburst of raucous humor echoed above the babble of cockney tongues. The maudlin clamor of "a pore lone lidy 'oos 'subing 'ad desarted 'er" failed to arouse anyone's curiosity. Ladies in their cups are not a rarity in Walthamstow. In side streets, lads in khaki, many of them fresh from fields of slaughter "somewheres in Flanders," sported boisterously with their factory-girl sweethearts or spooned in the shadows. Everywhere grubby children in scant clothing shrilled and scampered and got in the way. Humidity enveloped the town like a sodden cloak and its humanity stewed in moist and smelly discomfort.

But shortly after eleven o'clock the whole place became suddenly and majestically still and black. People who go to their work at sunrise cannot afford the extravagance of midnight revelry, and there are few street-lamps alight after ten o'clock in any London suburb in these times of martial law. Walthamstow slept in heated but profound oblivion of its mean existence. Beyond the town lay, like a prostrate giant camel, the heat-blurred silhouette of the classic forest. Low over Walthamstow hung the festoons of flat, humid clouds, menacing storm, but motionless.

If there was no disturbance in the clouds themselves there was among them something very active, something that drilled its way through them with a muffled whirring, something that was oblong and lean and light of texture, that was ominous and menacing for all its buoyancy. The sound it made was too high up, too thickly shrouded by clouds, to determine its precise position. It gave forth a breathing of persistent, definite rhythm. This was plainly not the wing-stroke of a nocturnal bird; for no bird, big or little, could advertise its flight in such perfect pulsation. And yet it was a bird, a Gargantuan, man-made bird with murder in its talons and hatred in its heart. From its steel nest in Germanized Belgium this whirring monster had soared eight thousand feet and crossed the Channel with little fear of discovery. It had penetrated the English Coast somewhere down Sheerness way and over Southend and then, dropping lower, had sought and found through the haze the tiny train whose locomotive had just fluted its brief salutation to Walthamstow. To the close-cropped men on the

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Zeppelin, the string of cars far down under their feet, with its side-flare from lighted windows, its engine's headlamp and its sparks, had proved a providential pilotage. They knew that this train was on the main line, and that it would lead them straight to the great Liverpool Street Station, and that was London, and it was London's wharfs and ammunition works along the Thames that they had planned to obliterate with their cylinders of mechanical doom. But the moist clouds which aided so materially in hiding the Zeppelin's presence from below also worked for its defeat, in so far as its ultimate objective was concerned, for to keep the guiding train in view it was compelled to travel lower and yet lower—so low, indeed, as to make it any moment a target for Kitchener's sentinels.

Somehow, by sight or intuition or the instant commingling of the two, old Tom Cumbers became aware of the danger above him; for he sprang to his switch, shut off all the cheery blue and white lights along "the line" and swung on with a mighty jerk the ruby signal of danger. The engineer in the on-rushing train jammed down his brakes and brought up his locomotive with a complaining, grinding moan, a hundred yards beyond Walthamstow station. Tom Cumbers had done a greater thing than any other in all his humdrum existence.

That by his act the Germans in their speeding sky-craft were baffled there is no doubt. They had lost their trail of fire; their involuntary guide had disappeared in the gloom. The airmen's long journey had suddenly become fruitless; their peril from hidden British guns and flying scouts was increased tenfold. The heat of the night was as nothing to the hot surge of disappointment that must have swept the brains of the Zeppelin crew. Their commander, too, must have lost his judgment utterly, forgotten his sense of military effectiveness. Whatever happened, he sacrificed his soul when he turned his cloud-ship aside from the railway line, steered over the shabby roofs of Walthamstow and, at less than two thousand feet, unloosed his iron dogs of destruction.

I have it on the authority of experienced aviators that it is not impossible on a dark night to distinguish buildings of importance like St. Paul's or the Houses of Parliament or a great gun factory or a river as broad as the Thames with its uprearing and frequent bridges. The crowding tenements of Walthamstow could have had no semblance to any of these, at any height. It would seem a cheap and worthless revenge, then, to wreck an unimportant and defenceless town, having failed to wreck the military nerve-center of the world's metropolis. But this is what one of Count Zeppe-

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lin's soaring dreadnoughts did on this humid night, in this blood-drenched year.

Like the mirage of a tropical island the dirigible hung motionless in space for a breathless minute. There was a wavering pin-prick of light in the carriage suspended from the leviathan's belly—a light that fluttered fore and aft as of a man with a fairy lantern running to and fro giving orders or taking them. Then faintly discernible against the sky, like a rope hung down for anchorage, came a thin, gray streak—the tail of a bomb with all hell in its wake. From somewhere near the town's centre the earth split and roared apart. The world reeled and a brain-shattering crash compounded of all the elements of pain and hurled from the shoulders of a thousand thunderclaps smote the senses. It was a blast of sickening and malignant fury. It did not so much stun as it stopped one—stopped the breath and the heart's beat, suspending thought, halting life itself for a fraction of time. One was, somehow, aware of existence but without sensation. And then came reaction and the realization of what was really taking place. The Germans' bomb landed fully ten blocks away, but you would have taken oath in court that it had had fallen at your feet, behind you, above you and into your very brain.

An air raid on Walthamstow, which drab town can boast neither ammunition works nor the ownership of war material of any description, could not be at once realized. But here was the cyclonic fact, hideously real, appallingly actual; and there in the heavens was the buoyant Zeppelin maneuvering for further mischief. The reverberation of the first explosion was still grumbling back in Epping Forest when all Walthamstow, rubbing its eyes, tumbled out into the black streets. Men, women, children, all ludicrously clothesless, swarmed aimlessly like bees in an overturned hive. Stark terror gripped them. It distorted their faces and set their legs quivering. The dullest among these toil-dulled people knew what that explosion meant, knew that it was part of the punishment promised by the German foe. "Gott strafe England" had come to pass. But they could not understand why the enemy had singled them out for such drastic distinction. The more alert and cool-headed of the men battled with their fellows and shouted instructions to get the women folks and the kiddies back indoors and down into their cellars. The night-gowned and pajamaed throng could not be persuaded that safety lay not in sight of the Zeppelin but away from it. The hypnotism of horror lured them on to where twelve houses lay spread about in smoking chaos, a plateau of blazing and noisome havoc. Somewhere a gas-main burst with a roar and drove the crowd back with its

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choking fumes as no human hands could have done. Women frankly hysterical or swooning were roughly thrust aside. Children shrieking in uncomprehending panic were swept along with the crowd or trodden upon. Lumbering men ran and shouted and cursed and shook hairy fists at the long blot on the clouds. Some of the men leaped over iron palings like startled rabbits and flung themselves in the grass, face downward and quaking. And yet, I dare say that most of these would have walked straight into a familiar danger without the waver of an eyelash; it was the unknown peril, the doubt as to how and whence this hurtling death might spring upon them out of the night, that unhinged their manhood. And while Walthamstow's walls went down and great flame-tongues spouted where homes had stood, while the thick, hot air was tortured with agonized and inhuman cries, the enemy up above let loose another bolt.

More terrible than the first explosion was, or seemed, this second one. It mowed down half a hundred shrieking souls. And it was curious to note the lateral action of the blast when it hit a resisting surface. Dynamite explodes with a downward or upward force, lyddite and nitro-glycerine and what not other devil's own powers act more or less in the same set manner. But the furious ingredients of these bombs hurled on Walthamstow contained stuff that released a discharge which swept all things from it horizontally, in a quarter-mile, lightning sweep, like a scythe of flame. A solid block of shabby villas was laid out as flat as your palm by the explosion of this second bomb. Scarcely a brick was left standing upright. What houses escaped demolition around the edge of the convulsion had their doors and windows splintered into rubbish. The concussion of this chemical frenzy was felt, like an earthquake, in a ten-mile circle. Wherever the scorching breath of the bombs breathed on stone or metal it left a sulphurous, yellow-white veneer, acrid in odor and smooth to the touch. Whole street-lengths of twisted iron railings were coated with this murderous white-wash.

Having made sure of its mark, the ravaging Zeppelin rose higher on the discharge of its first bomb and still higher after firing the second. At the safe distance of four thousand feet it dropped three more shells recklessly, haphazard. One of these bored cleanly through a slate-tiled roof, through furniture and two floorings and burrowed ten feet into the ground without exploding. This intact shell has since been carefully analyzed by the experts of the Board of Explosions at the British War Office. Another bomb detonated on the steel rails of the Walthamstow tram-line and sent them curling skyward from their rivetted foun-

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dations like serpentine wisps of paper. Great cobblestones were heaved through shop windows and partitions and out into the flower-beds of rear gardens; some of the cobbles were flung through solid attic blinds and others were catapulted through brick walls a foot in thickness. A hole as big as a moving-van burned into the road at one place. In a side street an impromptu fountain squirted playfully into the dust-burdened air, the result of a central water-pipe punctured by a slug from one of the bomb's iron entrails. But these things were not noted until dawn and comparative peace had returned to Walthamstow and men could count with some degree of calmness the cost of the reckless invasion.

Before the clouds had swallowed up the hateful visitant the noise of its attack had aroused the military guards across Epping Forest, in Chingford village, and, aided by a search-light, the anti-aircraft-gun opened its unavailing fire on the Zeppelin—ineffective, except that its returning shrapnel smashed up several roofs and battered some innocent heads. The Germans had gauged their skyward path to London along which, apparently, they felt reasonably safe from gun-reach. But they had barely headed homeward before a flock of army aeroplanes, rising from all points of the compass, were in hot pursuit. One of the Britishers was shot down by the men aboard the Zeppelin. Neither speed nor daring counts for much in an encounter between flying-machines and swift dirigibles of the latest types. The advantage lies solely with the one that can overfly his adversary. This can be achieved by a biplane or monoplane pilot only if he has a long start from the ground and time enough to surmount his opponent. This is difficult even in daylight with a cloudless sky. Given darkness and clouds, the chances for success are tremendously against the smaller craft.

Eight bombs in all were launched on Walthamstow—two of them ineffectual. The sixth bomb fell into a field close beside the railway line and worked a hideous wonder. It blew into never-to-be-gathered fragments all that was mortal of old Tom Cumbers, the signal-man. They found only his left hand plastered gruesomely against the grassy bank of the railway cut—not a hair nor button else.

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CHARLES M. SCHWAB—THE AMERICAN KRUPP

EDWIN WILDMAN

People have asked: Is Mr. Schwab a man of luck, or destiny? Is he lucky because he has always been forehanded? Is he a favorite of destiny, because he has seized destiny? In other words, what is the secret of his success? When shipbuilding plants were white elephants in the hands of their owners, Charles Schwab bought shipbuilding plants. When the great revival of ship building came, Schwab was ready and reaped profits in one year to repay his capital cost. When armor plating did not pay 2% a year on capital Schwab undertook armor plating. When the war came, Schwab was ready. What is the secret of this man always being ready? The question is answered by an acquaintance, who knows Mr. Schwab thoroughly.

THIS is the story of a man with one idea—steel. Not the dull statistics of pedigree, but the more inspiring elements in the development of an American, who in making his millions has made them by speculating upon his knowledge of running a steel plant, not upon his manipulation of stocks.

Devotion to one idea has made a human dynamo of national power, named Charles M. Schwab. There are those who might question the statement that he has made his fortune without manipulation of stocks, especially those who remember him as the first president of the United States Steel Corporation. Later, it will be shown by his subsequent position towards the whole scheme whereby a few rich men were accused of trying to corner the railroad industries and banking business of the United States, that he really loved his trade better than money. He became president of the United States Steel Corporation because in Mr. Carnegie's judgment he was the most expert steel man in the country, if not in the world. His trade was steel, from first to last.

During the intervals, between the milestones of Schwab's progress along what seems to some people the easy byways of finance, various spotlights were turned on him colored to harmonize with the circumstances which surrounded him. Men in public life are theatricalized. In a theatre, when the villain enters, the red calcium is used to assist the impression of villainy in the imagination of the audience. When the hero appears, the pure white light is thrown on him. Like great actors, public men find themselves cast for different rôles in public opinion in the course of their busy lives. Like the actors, too, they are more or less at the mercy of that disorganized band of well-meaning wage earners, the writers. The democracy of ideas is not always painstaking in the rush,

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because the specific idea which drives the scribbler (lashed as he is to the printer's galley) is the news of the moment.

To-day, Schwab is a foremost factor in the undercurrents that are contributing to the great war in Europe. With the same pride that the Germans point to the great Krupp Gun Works in Essen, the United States can point to American Krupp Works. The Allies take great comfort and security from the equipment of the Bethlehem Steel Works in Pennsylvania. These two great factories of the world, therefore, find comparison in the immediate issue of the war in Europe. Without them, there might be an ominous perplexity of action.

The Krupp Works became the backbone of Germany's military anatomy through the devotion of one man to an idea in steel. Frederick Karl Krupp, founder of the Krupp Works, impoverished himself in the problem to produce the biggest solid steel block known to the world at the time. He died on the eve of the discovery and his son took up his father's life purpose, and materially helped to make the issue of the Franco-Prussian War what it was. The Krupp Works are the accumulation of one man's devotion to a single idea—steel. The entire structure of the character of Charles M. Schwab, and his industrial success, is also based on a single idea—steel.

The Bethlehem Steel Works are larger than the Krupp Works in area. The methods of their output are based upon eternal vigilance for knowledge in this industry. But, in Germany the government is military, and the Krupp Works had the moral and practical support of national interest to maintain its standard. The Bethlehem Steel Works of Pennsylvania are only one of over a hundred steel and iron manufacturies in a country governed by a Congress of peaceful law makers, to whom the business of making rails and building skyscrapers, seems more vital than constructing armaments. Those government contracts, which were parsimoniously voted for some one of the defences in the country, were usually shaved to a minimum profit for the steel manufacturer. The chief advantage to him in securing them at all, was a degree of integrity and assurance which a government order conveyed to the public mind. The analogy is in the sign with gold letters which one used to see over European shops, "Purveyors to His Royal Highness." A cheese that was used by royalty, being so advertised must be the best. European humbug is an ingredient that has crept into American business too.

When Schwab was born, he was not recognized as the future steel magnate. "The only luck I ever had was to be born with good mental powers and a good physical constitution that thrived

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on the hardest work. I had enough hardships and trials, but I would not give up the experiences of a boyhood barren of luxuries and paved with many obstacles for any amount," he told a friend. Sincerity of this sort is easily listed as a platitude when a millionaire utters it. But, the poverty, the obscurity, and the hardships are true. It was an average start anyway, not even a chance that he would ever become anything worth talking about. Seven dollars a week as a drygoods clerk, was his first job. Then he got a chance to earn two dollars more a month, by working for the Thompson Steel Works in Pittsburgh. From that time, till he was thirty-six years of age and became president of the United States Steel Corporation on a salary of $100,000 a year, he had but one idea—steel.

With the rise of Schwab to the dizzy heights of millionairedom, this story has really little to do, except as it reveals his mastery of one idea, the steel industry. His business and social relations with such money giants as Morgan, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Gates, Frick, brought him under the suspicion of a popular opinion that all millionaires should be investigated. It was a Congressional principle for a while in this country, that immense wealth in the hands of the individual or a group of individuals, was an indication of wickedness on their part. Senators who gravely took their seats in the Senate comfortably cushioned for them by their admirers, questioned the business ideals of millionaires whom they did not know. Those whose acquaintance they enjoyed, they readily vouched for. This is common history of common fact, and while the American public watched the spectacle of legislative and financial differences, which was spread out before them and which led to the Stanton Committee investigation, Schwab quietly took stock of his own position with his millionaire associates. Finding himself embroiled in a whirlpool of billions, charged with ambition to become part owner of the United States by his association with the Steel Trust—he summoned his family doctor. The doctor ordered a rest; and he retired from the presidency of the United States Steel Corporation. The whole diversion of his fundamental character brought about by the opportunities of this period of his life, were summed up in a statement he made before the Tariff Committee in Washington, later on. When Chairman Payne asked him if he desired to make a statement to the committee, he replied:

"No, sir, I have no statement to make, and nothing to ask of this committee."

When the committee had sufficiently recovered from the coolness of Schwab's reply, he was asked if he had not at one time been connected with the United States Steel Corporation.

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"Yes," said Schwab, "I believe I was an unfortunate stockholder, as well as president."

Then, his famous letter to Frick was read to him. In this letter, in glowing terms, Schwab had outlined the process of the steel industry. In it he told how the steel business of the world could be controlled by this steel corporation. He was asked by the chairman of the committee whether he still held the same views. His answer was as clear a revelation of how he became involved in a scheme of gigantic monopoly, as it was a sidelight on his character.

He said:

"That letter was written with the enthusiasm of a young man seeking preferment in a great company. It was an optimistic day. It was written from the standpoint of the manufacturing department."

From the standpoint of one idea—steel.

On this contention, he was treated by the committee as an authority on steel values, not on stock transactions or corporation organization. In fact, whenever Schwab appears to have reached a period in his life which circumstantially brought him into conspicious relation with the mere glitter of gold, he promptly retired from view, and renewed his study of—steel. There are indications that after his retirement from the United States Steel Corporation, having had an opportunity to probe the strata and sub-strata of high finance, that it did not attract him. As an occupation, he preferred the trade of expert steel manufacture. He seemed to drop all relations with the speculative allurement of trusts, whether labelled steel or tobacco, and revitalize his character with a determined plan to establish the greatest steel plant in the world. It was about this time that he got control of the exclusive rights in this country of German patents and processes for the making of steel structural shapes by which they are rolled out as quickly as a steel rail is made. As he expected, this gave the Bethlehem Steel Company a great advantage over all other steel companies. It was in 1908, when he secured control of the Bethlehem Company, with a determined purpose to make it an American Krupp Works. We find him at this time publicly opposing the trust idea.

"I don't believe in trusts," he said, "I do believe in industrial and commercial consolidations. Such organizations should exist not to raise prices or restrict production but to help trade. In the consolidation of industrial lines, for instance, it is apparent that the big concern can use one plant for one special production! Such a proposition can not be considered in a small private concern; therefore industrial consolidation is reasonable. We have passed

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the stage of over-capitalization. I don't agree with Baron Rothschild when he accuses American railroad owners of fighting one another. That is not the business tendency of the corporations."

Here, we see the process of reasoning-balance by which Schwab secured an upright position in public opinion, in spite of his dash into high finance. He had thought out the whole industrial confusion in which vast wealth and over-capitalization plunged the United States about 1908, and had starched the situation up, ironed it out, cleaned up his own connections and made reasonable excuse for what looked like common greed among his associates in the steel trust.

And, all the time, while he was performing this balancing act, he had been thinking—steel.

Having secured a majority stock interest in his $30,000,000 steel plant at Bethlehem, with the outbreak of the Japanese and Russian war, he promptly forgot about high finance in America, and went to Russia to propose selling them a navy outfit from his own steel works. He began at once an adaptation of industrial success as he saw it, over the heads of those who feared that the prospects of national prosperity were being over-capitalized. He was simply fulfilling what he said.

"There are a great many elements to be considered in organizing a corporation and issuing the stock. For instance, one of the constituent companies may have a name that is worth millions of dollars, while its physical plant may be worth comparatively little. The plant of plants, of course, must be considered first. Then this name-value I speak of must be counted in."

Briefly, Schwab has, by his devotion, his industry, his ability, in the business of steel, created "the plant of plants." It was to make sure of this that he abandoned his $7,000,000 mansion on Riverside Drive, and went to live in Bethlehem. Karl Krupp, the founder of the German Krupp Works, spent his whole life in a little German village in Essen, chained to his one idea—steel.

Schwab, after being caught temporarily in the fascination of high finance, never let go his hold on his one idea—steel. So, the American Krupp has arrived, and finds himself today the greatest authority on steel manufacture in the world—with the biggest plant. His career has been spectacular, while Krupp's life was simple, but Krupp's sacrifices were no greater than Schwab's. Krupp's obstacles were lack of funds, Schwab's obstacles were the temptations of over-capitalization. Except for his inherent devotion and pride in making the best steel products in the world, he would not be the factor he is today in the war issue of the world.

He told the Emperor of Russia during the Jap-Russo War,

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that he could equip Russia with a navy in four years. He could do the same for any country, and that is why the success of Bethlehem Steel has been the marvel of the world.

Except for the fact that Schwab is the majority owner of the $30,000,000 stock of this concern, what might happen?

German agents were repeatedly reported to have secured control of this American Krupp plant, and but for the grip which this steel master, Schwab, held on the property, they might have succeeded. The German government has approached Schwab again and again, to purchase the plant. Figures running into a score of millions were named. Schwab could get a $100,000,000 to-day from Germany for his steel plant. And if he sold, the Germans would close it up, and so block the chief source of arms and ammunition for the Allies.

"The only way anybody could obtain control would be to get my interest," said Schwab, "I would never sell my interest without making for the men who stood by me with their support when I was struggling to put Bethlehem Steel where it is today, the same terms that would be offered for my share—and my interest is not for sale."

Schwab today is the foremost steel master of the world, and yet he would not admit that the success of the greatest independent American steel industry has been due to his individual effort. He would disclaim such a statement. He would cite names and give instances to prove that other men and other brains deserve a large share of the credit. But, those who know will explain that Mr. Schwab is a modest man, quick to deny that he alone has pulled this huge industry out of its wavering career into the foremost of the world's steel and shipbuilding works.

When the financial mixup came in the ill-fated Ship Trust into which Mr. Schwab had plunged, he found Bethelehem "on his hands" and virtually took it over to assuage the feelings of his associates, Ryan, Harriman, Schiff, and others who even questioned the advisability of purchase after Schwab had completed the negotiations. Giving his own check for $100,000, he took the sole responsibility for the purchase of a $15,000,000 plant and retired from the Ship Trust deal. It was the late J. Pierpont Morgan who "saw the deal through," and that alone cost Mr. Schwab the money he had put in the Ship Trust. He emerged from this financial brawl in supreme control of the Bethlehem property and its subsidiary companies, The Union Iron Works of San Francisco, the Bath Iron Works, the Fore River Shipyards, the Crescent Shipyards, Harlan and Hollingsworth of Wilmington, Delaware, and several smaller concerns both in this country, Mex-

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ico and abroad. And, as to criticism, Schwab was the least criticized of all.

Naturally, Schwab stands today in the center of the spotlight of American vision. He is the Krupp, the Schneider of American potential defense. He is building the weapons, the ships, the mines, the steel and arms for the world. Therefore, his personality, his ambition, his private character are vital to policies of American preparedness when the war in Europe is over, because, for the first time in the history of this country we are actually prepared to make ammunition and ships necessary to defend us against foreign invasion.

This story set out to tell of a man with one idea—steel.

One may recall many picturesque tales that have followed in his wake from Broadway to Paris. One may recall stories that glitter with gold from Monte Carlo, one may recall accusations of political ambition to become Senator, with Nevada as a background, but there are such vehement denials for all these moving picture scenarios of Schwab's exploits, that in a faithful transcript of his character, they must all be thrown out, because there is no proof to sustain them. On the other hand, the money which we know Schwab has spent for social enjoyment, has revealed him as a man who loves pictures, statuary, books, music, and the more desirable adornments of a man of quiet tastes. In his steel plant at Bethlehem, he lunches in a public dining-room, democratically, with his employees. Punctually at 8 A. M. he takes his morning walk. He retires early, and his chief amusement is music. He plays the piano well, and the tenor voice which won him the attention of Andrew Carnegie when he was a boy, has not been neglected. Brought up in the Roman Catholic faith, he has been a faithful supporter of his church.

No, Schwab probably has more friends who are not millionaires than any of his rich associates, because he is a broadminded, democratic, American hustler, a delightful companion, and a friend who never forgets. These personal qualities have had their bearing upon his position to-day as the foremost steel-master of the world.

The cost of the War to the Nations of Europe has been estimated at $45,962,000 a day! How much of this expenditure goes into the American Krupp plant?

There is something—the constant tugging at the sleeve of inspiration—that gives the impulse to every successful man. It is born in the ambition of youth, stimulated by accomplishment and cries out for recognition in the upper ethers of final success. Some men live for the fame that comes after—their place in the niche of history; others, with less vision, less egotism, are content to receive

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the approbation of their fellow men as they travel along life's highway. Whatever this stimulant is, the average man looks, studies and observes, sometimes in vain, that he may apply to his own life the secret, may hitch his wagon to the star that beckons towards success. In the career of Mr. Schwab, there is a personal motif, as defined and elemental as the components of the steel he handles with the scientist's skill. It took form in the earlier days of his character's formation and crystallized as achievement crowned his principles. It took its fountain-head in the earlier Christian education and became an orison as he progressed along the milestones of his career.

"I seek the approval of my fellow men," he says, and "to give more than I get."

It is Schwab's creed that has inspired effort and made achievement worth while. And behind it all, and approving and stimulating him to do things, both materially and philanthropically, is the woman he married in early days, Miss Dinkey, of a noted Pennsylvania family. "Strong, achieving American blood," proudly says Mr. Schwab. Two brothers of Mrs. Schwab stand at the head of great steel companies, proving the brain and sinew of the family Mrs. Schwab represents. It is her brilliant mind and broad, generous character that has fortified Mr. Schwab in his career.

At the head of his beautiful gallery in his Riverside Drive home is a life-size picture of Mrs. Schwab, and it is, in Mr. Schwab's vision, the pride of his gallery of masterpieces. One testimonial of the steel-master's tribute to his wife was a birthday gift of $1,000,000—a gift that became doubly valued in his mind because she turned it over at once to a splendid charity for orphans on Staten Island, New York. A man whose ambition it is to stand right with his fellow men and keep the love and admiration of his wife, has inspiration sufficient to stimulate him to achieve the best that the world holds.

Mr. Schwab's is a success peculiarly that of a man whose climb from the most humble beginning to the topmost step of achievement in his own line, has been **step by step.** It is not a career marked by a sudden jump to position out of obscurity because of some lucky shake or guiding hand. In this respect, the Schwab method is inspirational to others, sometimes known as plodders, for Schwab skipped no rounds in his ladder-climbing process. No single hand reached down and lifted him up. He climbed, pulling himself up by sheer ability and hard work. "Broad shoulders and good health and a love for his work," he says, "are the secrets of his success."

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THE HOPE FARM MAN

J. E. SANFORD

The city has its slum and its neglected child problem. Writers make known every recess, and fifty agencies reach out to care for the children. The country district has its abandoned farm and its homeless child. One man has done a personal work in caring for both. He is Herbert Winslow Collingwood, an agricultural editor. He is the Hope Farm Man.

"THE homeless child and the childless farm should be brought together. There are enough neglected children in our cities to cheer all the lonely farms in the United States. There is enough neglected land to turn all the poor children into hopeful citizens."

Herbert Winslew Collingwood spoke with authority as he leaned forward in his chair in the **Rural New Yorker** office, his blue eyes brightening over his dearest work. The city slum has been exploited from every angle, and there are fifty agencies eager to care for its children. In the country districts are thousands of children just as unfortunate, for whom no systematic provision is made, and whose future is dependent on the chance of a kindly relative or a stranger. The general public does not know this.

Mr. Collingwood has reared nine children, eight of them taken into his home from outside. And while doing it, he has developed a neglected ninety-acre New Jersey tract into a beautiful fruit farm. Hope Farm is its name. He is the Hope Farm Man, author of an appealing little book, "The Child," which is founded on the story of one of the waifs. His weekly accounts of the doings of "the redheads" are read with delight by hundreds of thousands.

Two of the Hope Farm children have grown up and gone to other work in the West and South. A third is in college and a fourth is in normal school. The others are still on the farm, which has become one of the show places of the section, and they are growing up to be sturdy men and women.

"I would not dare advise every farmer to take a family of children," Mr. Collingwood added in reply to a question. "I would hesitate as much to do that as I would to tell any person how to bring up a child, and that is a responsibility nobody should take. There is no academic rule for rearing a child. Every case demands its own methods. And it is an individual problem whether a person should be given the care of a child. One farmer will take a boy or a girl and work him until there is no vitality left. Another will heap kindnesses until the youngster grows up spoiled and either domineers over his foster parent or goes away and amounts to nothing. Either case is a tragedy. We have been satisfied with

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our own experience, and I think the same would be true of many others."

Mr. Collingwood is a man whom children love. Not because of any stately dignity which says "Bless you, my child," and not because of any bubbling red-faced Santa Claus jollity. It's because he is a conscientious, sympathetic, alert, capable human, who can enter into their work and games, understand their troubles and advises where advice is needed. That, at least, is the impression one gets on first meeting, and that is the way it has worked out.

He is a trifle below medium height and has a well-knit body, the result of years of hard work, with much out-door life. His hair and moustache are iron-gray, and his face is bronzed by sun and wind. His features are easily those of a New Englander—he was born on Cape Cod, fifty-nine years ago. There are few wrinkles and no sags. He has a contented smile, and his eyes look at you frankly and kindly. They convince one that there has never been anything behind them to conceal. Studying him, one congratulates the children who have had him for a second father.

He is one of the few agricultural editors who really understands the farming game. Once he was a college graduate and tried the kid-glove "uplifting" that makes a mortgage-burdened and rock-exasperated country toiler suspicious of the agricultural expert. He took a course in the Michigan Agricultural College and thought he knew all that was necessary to make a second garden of Eden. He went south and tried to uplift the Mississippi planters with a roller-top desk as a fulcrum and an ornate agricultural paper as a lever. Before long he was glad to take a humble job in New York. He has been on the **Rural New Yorker** thirty-one years, and to-day he knows the farmer's troubles by experience and writes to them in language that they understand with facts on which they can depend as on the eternal verities.

Mr. Collingwood had his failure on a farm as well as in an editorial task. With his wife, he rented a sandy tract in New Jersey. After a few years, they gave it up and moved to town. "Book farming." Adversity hardens some and makes them bitter. Not so with him. His theories did not work out; but he only blamed the theories and his own inexperience, and learned to laugh jubilantly at mistakes. So, at fifty-nine, he is a wholesome individual for a child's friend.

It was after the farm failure that the Collingwoods' "family" deluged them. One member was the waif of Mr. Collingwood's book.

"The Elder" brought him unexpectedly one evening. "The Elder" was an aged Methodist minister who was interested in child

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welfare work. He, too, had failed, and his misfortunes had stooped his shoulders and given him a disgruntled air of dejection and disappointment. The child was apparently four years old and was an orphanage inmate. Of his antecedents, nobody knew. The little fellow had a malformed limb, which some clumsy surgeon had made worse in an effort to better it. There was also a growth in his throat. With a pitiful limp and an ungainly expression of face, due to difficulty in swallowing, he was anything but an inviting object. "The Elder" had driven with him to a farmer who had asked for an orphan boy. The farmer wanted someone whom he could set to work, evidently in the hope of dispensing with a hired man—a hired man without wages. When the poor little chap appeared in a misfitting institution gown, the farmer exclaimed, "What do I want with that brat?" The youngster was heartbroken, and when he arrived at the Collingwood home tear-streaks left him a doleful, pathetic object. It was Mrs. Collingwood's mother heart that first opened to him, and won him a temporary refuge. Old Shep, one of those wise patriarchs of dogdom, took the little wanderer under his protecting friendly ways. Some days later, the child made his appeal to Mr. Collingwood and insured himself a place as a member of the future Hope Farm household. Mr. Collingwood came home from his city work, tired and none too cheerful. The little fellow stood in the living-room, looking out of the window. Mr. Collingwood patted his head. The youngster placed his hand against Mr. Collingwood's knee and looked up into his face. Then he took hold of the man's coat and pulled him over toward Mrs. Collingwood, who was at work near the kitchen range. Mr. Collingwood followed wonderingly. Reaching the kindly woman, the waif took hold of her apron.

"I want to be your boy," he said.

Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood looked at each other and then at the child. There were tears all around. The matter was settled. How the little fellow's infirmities were cured and he grew up on Hope Farm gave Mr. Collingwood the foundation for his book. It is a revelation in helpfulness and human nature and the Christ spirit at work in a man.

Six more children, distant relatives, came in one cluster through the death of their father. With their own little girl, that made eight, and Mr. and Mrs. Collingwood decided that a house in town was not practicable. Yet they had tried farming, and that spelt disaster.

Mrs. Collingwood went to an auction one day and came back with the decision.

Early in the state's history, a family of New York Hollanders

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settled in New Jersey on a tract which began on a stony side-hill and fell away into the Hackensack meadows. Anybody who knows northern New Jersey knows meadows as related to the Hackensack neighborhood are not those flowery dells the poets write about. They are low and generally impregnated with salt water from the tides. They grow a crop of coarse grass and weeds that are of no use; and they breed mosquitoes. Unless drainage can be provided they are of no practical good for farming. The side-hill had yielded stone for three miles of fences, and seemed to have enough more to wall in the State of New Jersey. There was a little house built of stones, crowding out into the road. An orchard of five hundred apple trees had been allowed to run to limbs and dead wood. Five generations of Hollanders made a little more than a living off the property, on the pioneer plan of consuming only what they could not sell and denying themselves anything that cost money. The tract had been cut up with each succeeding generation, leaving the old homestead standing on a ninety-acre parcel, "two fields wide and a mile long," stretching from one road to another. The sixth generation tired of the hardship that had taken two hundred years to accumulate this little inheritance. They let the farm go on a mortgage. After Mr. Collingwood had poured in all his savings, a building and loan association was induced to finance the purchase, and the brood was sardined into the tiny farmhouse.

It was after this that the ninth member was added to the juvenile group. He was a little Swedish boy whose mother came seeking work, and he was welcomed to the circle.

"We named the place Hope Farm, because hope was about the only thing it offered," said Mr. Collingwood. "I think we were influenced by a verse in the Psalms which says: 'There shall be an handful of corn upon the top of the mountains: the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon, and they of the city shall flourish like the grass of the earth.'

"The mountain was there, or at least a hill; but there was hardly soil enough on the top to plant the handful of corn. There seemed to be hope of the fruit shaking, for the apple trees were covered with blossoms; but our first year's cultivation was mostly near the foot of the hill, just above the meadows, where the apples rolled down.

"The five hundred trees covered with pink blossoms seemed to promise a harvest. We thought there must be enough red Baldwin apples to make a comfortable reduction in the mortgage. But they weren't red Baldwins. Many of the blossoms did not come to anything; the others yielded soft summer apples that had

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no shipping value, or hard, gnarly little fruit not fit for cider. A peddler paid us $50 for our entire crop on the trees. That is the way the 'back-to-the-lander' usually finds his early calculations upset."

Mr. Collingwood smiled and looked up at two photographs on the wall. Both were groups, one taken before the older children left the home roof-tree. The other showed the "younger brood," tapering down to a little girl in rompers.

"It was of them that we thought most," he said, "and they've been worth while. There always has been a baby at Hope Farm —somebody's baby—and I hope there always will be."

Mr. Collingwood learned his lesson in the uselessness of **uplifting from the outside,** when he tried to teach Mississippi farmers on a mere college training. After he commenced work with his colony of children at Hope Farm he tried the outside guidance plan with them, and received another bump. The delightful thing about Collingwood's bumps is that he can laugh at them himself, and they always teach him something. This particular knock resounded when he fathered the Hope Farm Garden Association.

The older members of the household had all they could do to get some crops in the ground, and Mr. Collingwood saw advantage in several ways if four of the younger children could handle the house garden. It would serve to keep them busy, make them self-reliant and teach them cooperation, besides supplying vegetables for the table. So he suggested the garden club.

"It went with a hurrah," said Mr. Collingwood, glancing at his photographs again. "It seemed to have one great advantage. Being only four members there were offices for all. One boy was elected president, and another vice-president. My daughter was chosen secretary and another little girl treasurer. Nobody was left out. We thought we had struck the perfect ideal in democracy. The little patch of ground was plowed for the children and we went up the hill to our own work and left them. I don't know what prompted me to turn around half way up; but I did. My ideal was shattered; the club was in a turmoil. The president was pummeling the vice-president. The secretary and treasurer were crying. I ran back for the explanation.

" 'Father,' cried the secretary, 'don't the president have to work at all?'

"The president had taken his position literally, and decided that he had nothing to do but preside; the treasurer then announced that she would not have anything to do until there was some money to handle from the sale of vegetables, which were not yet in the ground. The secretary concluded to confine her efforts to writing

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down the proceedings in a book. This left the burden of manual labor on the vice-president, and he promptly resigned his membership. The president was accepting his resignation in his own style when I interfered.

"I patched up a temporary arrangement. Later, the children learned to cooperate, but it was through practice and not theory. As a matter of fact, gardening is man's work, and it was a mistake to expect entire success from a children's association, no matter how perfectly I had arranged the organization. The best house garden, I believe, is kept by some old grandfather, who has spent a life at hard work in the fields and retains all his judgment and persistency. But it was good for the children.

"I early faced the problem whether to pay them for their work. When I was a boy, a child's efforts and earnings, until he was twenty-one, belonged to his parent or guardian. The boy working for his father or 'bound out,' might be promised a yoke of oxen or a horse and a 'freedom suit' of clothes on attaining manhood. I think it is a partial survival of this old system that makes boys and girls leave the farm. They drudge from sun-up to sun-down and after, and they don't see a dime from one month to another. The city lures them with the clink of real coin in a pay envelope at the end of each week. It is some tangible return, even if they have to pay it all back to a dairy lunch and a cheap boarding-house. It would be better for them and better for the farm, if they would stay at home, but their fathers don't understand what the matter is.

"I determined that the children should be paid for every bit of work they did. Perhaps in some cases it would not have worked well. I paid them more than the same work would have brought elsewhere, which might make a boy or girl dissatisfied on meeting the outside labor market; but I think it was as good as any plan that could have been adopted. It made the children self-dependent, and it taught them business, which an allowance of spending money would not have done. They were encouraged to start bank accounts as soon as possible, and I know that when a child has hoarded a hundred pennies by pulling rough weeds in the hot sun or blistering his little bare feet in the potato patch, he is not going to let go lightly.

"I made this rule, that payment should be given only on the presentation of a bill and then signing the receipt. Account must be kept of every parcel of work, whether by the piece or by the hour, and an itemized bill presented every Saturday night. It is an interesting sight to see three youngsters lying on the floor, each with a pad of paper, following the movements of a stubby lead

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pencil with his tongue, after the manner of boys and girls of all ages. The bills I have filed away tell a good deal of history.

"One of the children's tasks in the first year or two was killing hard-shell potato bugs and smashing the eggs which clung to the under side of the leaves. They spent many a back-breaking day bending over the rows of vines and looking for the pests. Later, we conducted the fight with a gasoline spray pump, so there aren't any more bills **'To kiling bugs, $.15 cents.'**

"It was the children who first advertised the Hope Farm products. We made a blackboard, and they set it up in front of the house, and chalked their own inscriptions. They printed 'Hope Farm' in bold letters at the top, with the words 'headquarters for,' and enumerated whatever we had for sale. It was a big event when we sold the first bushel of onions as a result of their bulletin. That was before the days of good roads; at least the road in front of our house was anything but improved; and automobiles did not swarm all over the country as they do to-day. Nevertheless, the children's 'liner column' brought in a good deal of small change during the first season. It is still kept up. They ornament it with pictures of baskets of fruit and bunches of onions and perhaps a chicken. It has become a common thing for wealthy New York and Newark women to drive out in their automobiles and carry home crates of berries and baskets of vegetables, though they wouldn't think of carrying groceries from the stores.

"The boys loaded an open crate of strawberries on an express wagon and hauled it along the road one day. The big red berries attracted a woman who was driving past, and she immediately made a purchase. That was the beginning of a big direct strawberry trade, which grows every year.

"I may as well stop to remark that no matter what happened to our vegetable crops and our chickens and pigs, the children grew every month. They had fresh air and all the bread and milk they could eat, and plenty of exercise, some of it work and most of it play. I'm glad that I used to be a good ball-player. I can get out and play as well as any of them now." Mr. Collingwood's eyes twinkled. The more you talk to this child-lover, the more you understand his success with a family.

He was asked about his children's education.

"I started with the intention of giving every one of the family a college course," he said. "Since then I have changed my mind. It was not the matter of expense. We had determined that they should have every proper advantage that it was possible to get for them. But I do not believe college is requisite to every boy and girl. Sometimes other training is better.

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"For instance, one of the older boys went to the Northwest. There, he met some high-class Salvation Army people and became interested in their work. To test him out, I let him work for the organization a year at $1.25 a week. Then I saw he had proved his stuff and sent him to the Army's training school in Chicago. He is now in the work in Illinois, and is successful and happy. The boy did not care to go to college, and I don't believe it would have been best to induce him to go.

"We have labored to train the children to absolute integrity. They are taught that value must always be given for value received, and that service or produce must always be as represented, that one false statement to a customer will undo years of fair treatment. They know that the name of Hope Farm must be kept a synonym for high quality. If we sold a bushel of apples, every apple must be perfect, so that a customer could go down cellar and pick them out in the dark. If we sold eggs, they must be Grade A. The children take as much pride in the trademark as the older members. I rather think it will be the same when they go away from home, if they go.

"One other rule is that commands must be obeyed promptly, and without mumbling or grumbling. That is due to the fact that I married a Chicago school-teacher. Mrs. Collingwood is a splendid disciplinarian. She is also a splendid teacher. She has taught our family, and neighbors have sent their children to her. My daughter is in one of the state normal schools, and another child is in college. When the little folks get old enough, each will have his choice.

"I've left the children's religious training to Mrs. Collingwood, too. All of them have been started as regular attendants at Sunday School, and left to choose for themselves when they reached the age of discretion. I'm glad to say they have chosen wisely. Our pastor always looks for Mother and her little flock at the meeting-house. He appears to think that all is well when they arrive."

Conversation drifted to the farm, and the way its value and productiveness have increased in connection with the crop of children. Mr. Collingwood told how the orchard of five hundred scraggly apple trees has developed into a grove of three thousand which yield many carloads of ruddy fruit annually. It is augmented by a peach orchard from which five hundred baskets of fine fruit were shipped last year, while the strawberries bring a handsome revenue direct from eager city patrons.

"We have had to adapt ourselves to the times," he said. "I was convinced that it was a good apple farm from the way seedlings sprang up along the stone fences. Our soil did not respond

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readily to potatoes, and we tried crops that would take less nourishment, such as asparagus, strawberries and peaches, all of which are largely water. They command a ready market, and they don't wear out the little soil which clothes the stones. We have had to use judgment and perseverance with both our human and vegetable crops. It has been worth while."

All the time that Mr. Collingwood can spare from his busy editorial life is spent on the farm with his protégés. Each morning he rises early and walks two miles to Woodcliff station, twenty-three miles from the Hudson tubes. It is a sixty mile round trip each day, more than four of which he travels on foot. Returning at night, he spends the remaining daylight in tasks and then joins a family party around the big fireplace. This fireplace was one of the first aditions to the house. It is built out of the rough stones which were the place's most noticeable asset. Scraggly old apple trees which yielded nothing useful have gone into rousing cheer in that fireplace, and as the gnarled and knotted sticks blazed with alternate lights and shadows, bright eyes have expanded at tales in which Mr. Collingwood is rich. He has told them the story of how poor Mr. Donkey lost his mellow voice, and how old dog Shep's nose became so cold. Old dog Shep, by the way, sleeps under one of his favorite apple-trees. He was an important personage in the early days of Hope Farm, and hands that are older still retain the feel of his shaggy coat. He was the first ally of the hopeless waif, first outside member of the Hope Farm family, and if animal could be, he was guide, philosopher and friend. His stone bears the line, **"A Gentleman in Fur."**

Alternating with the stories come recitals of childhood affairs and of hopes and ambitions. It is Mr. Collingwood's way to listen throughout the narrative and then utter some comment or suggestion which turns the child's mind in a slightly different course without his knowledge.

Nearly all of Saturday Mr. Collingwood spends on his place, and of course Sunday. The elder Collingwoods are still young in spirit.

The old house itself has grown, first by the building of an annex, and then by the addition of another commodious structure, and it now has fifteen cheerful rooms, and is supplied with water from a bountiful spring on a hill. An ivy vine relieves the stone front, and attracts everybody who passes. Some know how much the place means in the lives of a dozen individuals and through them to many others outside, and they look back at it until the road carries them out of sight.

It is a whole library in the reclamation of unpromising mate-

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rials. Who would have seen, in one twisted seedling with its worthless apples, growing in a stone fence, the vision of acres of orchards with beautiful, valuable fruit? Who would have realized in the poor little deformed mite from the orphan asylum, the half-dozen bereft tots from a relative's family, and the tiny Swedish boy with an industrious mother, the possibilities of a happy, self-reliant and promising home community whose influences extend to all parts of the country? And who would be able to find in every-day farm life a book like "The Child," and fascinating little sketches of "The Redheads?"

One blue-eyed, baggy-trousered man, able to find smiles in adversity and growth in blunders, has worked out the problem of conservation, both of land and of human beings, and that within sight of the electric lights of New York City. "We didn't have any idea of attracting publicity when we commenced our little experiment," said Mr. Collingwood as he rose to bid his caller good-bye. "We didn't even think of it as an experiment. We loved children and they came to us without seeking. We hated to see land going to waste, and it has repaid us in dollars and cents for our labor. I wish other people might share in our satisfaction."

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WHY THE FARMER DOES NOT REAP PROFITS

J. E. KELLY

Mr. Kelly is an official member of a farmer's organization in the West—chairman of the Farmers' Legislative Committee for the Western States and knows whereof he talks. For years, the butcher, the baker and the candlestickmaker have been lecturing the farmer's head off on how to farm. THE FORUM believes that the man who knows most about farming is the farmer, and it purposes to let him state his case and tell us why the farming game does not always pay.

IN the vernacular of the agricultural regions, this has been a late, cold Spring. A trip of two hundred miles through the eastern part of the State of South Dakota, a fine agricultural country, on April 15th, revealed the fact that farmers were just entering the fields for the commencement of the sowing of the crop that shall be gathered during the summer of 1916. Yet everybody appeared to be hopeful, bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors and farmers, for "Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

Close attention is now being paid to the condition of winter wheat as well as the acreage of spring wheat that is to be sowed. Last year's corn crop was practically a failure throughout the agricultural Northwest, north of the southern boundary of Wisconsin. Consequently, a bumper corn crop is needed for the present season, as old-timers say that two failures of the same crop rarely follow in succession.

All of this indicates with unerring accuracy how closely bound up with the success of agriculture is the success of every other business of this country. From and after June 1st, observations become more frequent and apprehension more insistent, lest the efforts of the farmers come to naught through crop failure or partial failure by reason of drouth, hail, hot winds, black rust or chintz bugs. If any of the misfortunes enumerated should befall any considerable agricultural community, the result will be a shrinkage of business transactions; the retail merchant will order less from the wholesale merchant, the wholesale merchant less from the jobber, and the jobber less from the manufacturer, while the manufacturer will consider whether it be necessary to reduce forces or run on half time.

A Power More Destructive Than Drouth, Hail or Flood

Yet there is a power in existence whose evil influences reach every agricultural community in the United States with the certainty that day follows night—a power that spreads its blighting

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curse over fields and fireside, that leaves the merchant's bills unpaid and the mortgage unsatisfied, and is rapidly forcing the American farmers into the condition of tenants at will. Such is the influence wielded by **the organized, speculative grain-buying interests of this country.**

The following tables were prepared from the most reliable market reports, giving the prices of grain in this country and in Liverpool from the opening of the markets last August, 1915, down to April 15th, 1916. These figures show conclusively that the grain interests have the power, through combination, collusion and cunning practices, to make the price to the farmers what they see fit, and that during the first four months after the opening of the markets, during which time the great bulk of the crop, wheat, oats and barley, was marketed, the farmers were given scarcely enough to cover the cost of production, while the grain gamblers revelled in a riot of riches, taking as a clear toll from 41 per cent. to 78 per cent. on oats of the prices the farmers received over all costs of handling.

The Price of Oats from August to December

	Farm price.	Chi. price.	Liv. price.	Hndl. cost.	Speculator's toll.
Aug. 14	30c.	40c.	73c.	16c.	17c.
Sept. 4	25c.	35c.	74c.	16c.	23c.
Oct. 30	26c.	36c.	74c.	17c.	21c.
Nov. 6	25c.	35c.	74c.	18c.	20c.
Nov. 20	25c.	35c.	74c.	25c.	14c.
Dec. 11	30c.	40c.	75c.	27c.	8c.
Dec. 18	31c.	41c.	75c.	28c.	6c.

In finding the farm price, as given in the above table, 10c. was deducted from the Chicago price. Of course, in some instances farmers will get a little more than this, as they happen to live close to the terminals, others more remote will receive less. The figures given will be a fair average.

Wheat Prices and the Portion the Gamblers Took

	Farm price.	Chi. price.	Liv. price.	Hndl. cost.	Speculator's toll.
Aug. 14	91c.	$1.10	$1.72	29c.	33c.
Sept. 10	78c.	93c.	1.63	33c.	37c.
Sept. 30	79c.	94c.	1.63	33c.	36c.
Oct. 30	79c.	98c.	1.64	35c.	31c.
Nov. 27	84c.	$1.03	1.68	35c.	34c.
Dec. 18	97c.	1.16	1.68	51c.	1c.
Jan. 8	$1.03	1.22	1.77	53c.	2c.
Jan. 15	1.06	1.25	1.76	50c.	1c.
Feb. 11	1.09	1.28	1.92	56c.	8c.
Mar. 4	95c.	1.14	1.83	63c.	6c.
Mar. 18	90c.	1.09	1.68	61c.	0
Mar. 25	93c.	1.12	1.65	58c.	0
Apr. 15	$1.00	1.19	1.65	57c.	0

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In the compilation of these tables grain of the same kind and grade has been taken in every instance, as given in the Liverpool, Chicago and Duluth quotations.

The table on wheat shows that from August 14th to November 27th, 1915, the speculative interests took from the farmers an average of 34c. per bushel over every known cost of handling, according to prices during the same time prevailing at Liverpool, the world's clearing house for foodstuff.

It will also be observed that by January 8th the toll, on the basis of Liverpool prices, shrunk to 2c. per bushel, and by the middle of March had entirely disappeared, and so continued down to the 15th of April. Thus while the bulk of wheat and oats was being marketed, the speculative interests forced prices down through manipulation so that they realized a profit on oats of 78 per cent. and a profit on wheat of 41 per cent. over all costs of handling, according to Liverpool quotations.

The mouthpieces of the grain speculators tried to justify these wholesale robberies at the time they were being enacted, but **is it not plain that if grain be handled and exported during the months of December, January, February, March and April on a commission of 2c. or 3c. per bushel, or even less at times, that the taking of 34c. per bushel on an average during the months of August, September, October and November, when the rush of grain came to market, was nothing more or less than the artistic accomplishments of a hold-up artist?** In other words, the grain gamblers skinned the farmers during those earlier months by forcing prices down; they later skinned the consuming public by forcing prices up.

Corn Prices From September to March

	Farm price.	Chi. price.	Liv. price.	Hndl. cost.	Speculator's toll.
Sept. 11.....	60c.	76c.	$1.17	32c.	9c.
Oct. 9.....	49c.	65c.	1.16	36c.	15c.
Nov. 20.....	42c.	58c.	1.27	43c.	26c.
Dec. 24.....	51c.	67c.	1.27	38c.	22c.
Jan. 15.....	52c.	68c.	1.43	47c.	28c.
Feb. 19.....	49c.	65c.	1.49	53c.	31c.
Mar. 11.....	49c.	65c.	1.46	61c.	20c.
Mar. 18.....	50c.	66c.	1.38	61c.	11c.

Corn does not come to market as early as wheat and oats. Accordingly we see that while the heavy tolls on the latter were during August, September, October and November, the heavy tolls on corn did not comence till November 20th, and from this time down to February 19th, the heavy marketing season for corn, 55 per cent. of the price the farmers received at the local station was taken, over all handling costs, according to Liverpool markets.

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Barley cannot be figured with the accuracy of wheat, oats and corn, for the reason that barley is not quoted on foreign markets; but those who have paid any attention to the markets will know that barley fared no better than other crops, and that the loss on barley on account of price manipulation and doctoring of grades was not less than 20c. per bushel, and at times as much as 25c. per bushel.

Total Loss in the Marketing of the Crop of 1915

Estimating that farmers marketed within the time of depressed prices four hundred million bushels of wheat, five hundred million bushels each of corn and oats and 160 million bushels of barley, and deducting from the tolls, as indicated on the tables, 4c. for wheat and corn and 3c. for oats and barley, as legitimate profits, which is more than they ever admit taking, and **the loss to the agricultural interests of the country reaches the enormous sum of three hundred and fifty millions of dollars, through price manipulation** alone, without counting the hundred and one lesser tricks of the trade the grain gamblers use to relieve the farmers of their hard-earned cash.

Is it any wonder that the Armours, the Pattens, the Leiters and their associates are approaching the billionaire mark, while the thinking people of our country are becoming more concerned as year succeeds year because of the rapid increase of tenant farmers?

A Gigantic Power to Combat

Yet, to control this mighty octopus that reaches out in all directions is a herculean undertaking. It controls all trade journals, is able to silence nearly all of the agricultural papers and its influence is ever potent with a majority of the metropolitan press.

From each of the great terminal markets a well-trained army of solicitors circulates through tributary territory disseminating such news as is deemed advantageous to the speculative interests, pleading the cause of their masters to farmers, merchants and local elevator men with fluency, determination and effect. Its far-reaching power determines the policy of great cities, wields a potential influence upon the action of states and reaches even the capitol at Washington.

Farmers should organize to crush this monster combine that preys alike on producer and consumer.

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JAPAN AND AMERICA BULWARKS OF PEACE

DR. JOKICHI TAKAMINE

In the July FORUM appeared a very savage attack on Japanese motives and aims as a world power. THE FORUM now presents a strong answer from a representative Japanese—Dr. Takamine, Director of the East and West Press Bureau. Dr. Takamine takes the broad statesmanlike view—let Japan and America stand together as Bulwarks of Peace.

THE task to which THE FORUM invites me, namely formulating a reply to the article in the July number entitled "What is Behind the Japanese Peril?" and signed "Sigmund Henschen" is not at all inviting. In treatment of grave subjects one expects gravity. I do not think you can describe the article in question as grave or advanced, in a manner fitting it for serious reply. It is indeed difficult to characterize, now affecting a tone of raillery and otherwise comporting itself in a manner of presenting instances that may be described as fugitive and erratic. When, for instance, a writer attacking a nationality inserts in a spirit of mockery what he imagines to be the reply to his charges, it leaves one very uncertain as to the character, no less than the decorum of the interlocutor. I would, therefore, respectfully dismiss the writer from my thoughts as something painful to contemplate.

Answer his article in his spirit I certainly shall not. There are matters too solemn for light jesting, and which, above all, should not be discussed in an angry spirit. The article is an offspring of what has long been known as the Hobson propaganda. It consists mainly in the Hobson story of a hurry order to the garrison in the Philippine Islands due to official "nervousness" to concentrate at Corregidor Island in Manila Bay, and a subsequent order to occupy and fortify a mountain across the Bay—all against the possible landing of an invading Japanese army—that never came. "Sigmund Henschen" may intend merely to show how poorly the United States was prepared to resist invasion and how ticklish Japan's relations with the United States were at the time—1913. The explanation already offered in America that the whole thing was simply a "war-game" maneuvre may, however, be the true one. In any case, it naturally is not a matter for a Japanese like myself to discuss at length. An ammunition shortage in an American fort is surely an exclusively American question when perfect peace had long preceded, and, as we know, followed the date mentioned.

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To discuss the alleged instances of Japanese with cameras seeking fortress photos and plans would doubtless lead to a **cul de sac** like the Philadelphia case wherein a Japanese student and an American professor figured, with like allegations first printed in the newspapers and subsequently declared baseless. "Sigmund Henschen" alleges that the United States Intelligence Bureau and locally the Philippine branch of the same indulged in similar curiosity as to Japanese fortresses—notably at Nagasaki. **What, one may ask, does all this amount to?** Only to this: **it is the business of the U. S. Intelligence Department to post itself on all facts of armament and fortification in foreign countries,** and his man with a scar on his forearm, sustained as he scurried away to avoid arrest, was, if he exists at all, simply a very prudent seeker after knowledge which Japan for its own reasons did not wish sewn broadcast. There is no secret about this practice. The zones in which photographs may not be taken of scenery are rigidly marked and widely proclaimed in Japan as they are in Germany, Austria, France and Italy. One must remember that **every national military general staff in the civilized world is engaged in the same hunt for information which** the other powers would keep to themselves. To what length such agents or "spies" would go to gain such information is purely a question of the purse at the command of the chief Intelligence officer and the importance of the military sector in a campaign by land or sea. That "Sigmund Henschen," like Mr. George Bronson Rea, should see "in every bush an officer" is neither here nor there. He sees it in Hawaii with an aviator, in all parts of California, in New York even—along the line of Harlem Valley—and so on. Whether there is any truth or not in his stories —and probably not—they signify nothing as to actual international relations, and may as well be German or Austrian or, for that matter, English or French official activities, as those from far off Japan. Most likely of all, it would be polite to infer, they are aberrations.

It is hard to sit still while the capture of Tsing Tao is described as something Japan declared war on Germany simply to get. Such a statment is so at odds with the event which was spread at length before the world as it occurred. It should be enough to mention it. "Sigmund Henschen's" discussion of what he so ambiguously calls the "triangle quadrilateral" of the Pacific Ocean is in another class. The fact that the Marshall Islands are in Japanese instead of German hands, as well as the writer's essay on the geographical position of Guam, are matters outside of lay discussion. One may remind the public that the seizure was a war measure and that the war is not yet over.

How is one to deal with the statement that there are 250,000

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Japanese in Mexico. Where are they? Japan has knowledge of only 2,381 or so, and all in sore strait as to the intentions in their regard of the irresponsible captains of banditti. "Sigmund Henschen," in spite of his erratic method, builds, however, up to one point. **The sum total of his article is that Japan is a formidable first class power by sea and by land and one to be reckoned with.** Let me, then, at my first point of agreement with the writer start with the picture of two great powers, each well-equipped, each solvent and potentially great, on the opposite sides of the Pacific Ocean.

Nothing is to be gained by figuring on what would result from a clash such as writers like "Sigmund Henschen" are apparently aiming to bring about, with its train of suffering, loss and horror. Peoples are not wiped out nowadays in the bloodiest wars. **Permanent conquest of great peoples is impossible. No lodgment that Japan might gain on American soil could be lasting. No invasion of Japan or its possessions could remain undisputed while a handful of its people remained alive.** Let all such propositions be left to the professional soldier as problems in tactics and strategy, or to the machinations of the agents of other governments than those directly involved. I mean specifically in this category the agents of Germany and China. **The German agent obviously seeks to stir up trouble in a troubled world for trouble's sake:** the Chinese agent seeks to detach the friendship of the United States from Japan in the idea that thus the latter power may feel itself less free in dealing with its big Mongol neighbor. Probably with the death of Yuan Shi Kai, the latter will cease to operate in America. The object of each set of agents is a sheer futility, just as the problems of the professional soldier are mere academic mathematical calculations not for a moment to be translated into terms of human flesh and blood.

Let us, on the contrary, **see these two great Powers**—the United States and Japan—**acting on a common understanding, one answering for the American** and **the other for the Asiatic side of the Pacific Ocean.** Each should have the visible strength to be what it stands for. With such an understanding, natural and orderly, commerce would expand and the two peoples radiate a common sympathy that would challenge the respect of the world, assure the peace of the Pacific shores and force the quarrelsome and the greedy to take their quarrels and their greed elsewhere. To do this adequately entails in the present unperfected state of humanity some expenditure, perhaps heavy expenditure, but no greater than the countries named are ready and able to bear. There cannot be, I assume, any safe forecast made now that will

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insure a commanding position in the eyes of the nations short of that assumption of the burden of preparedness. A great war of unexampled bloodiness and financial outpouring will presently—in a day or a year or a short span of years—come to an end. Exhaustion on both sides of the conflict may be so pronounced as to preclude either side mapping out America or Japan, China or India for the next turn of the engines of war. On the other hand, **tremendous forces have before now collapsed under the pressure of still greater forces applied in an ascending scale, and the victor has felt that the world was at his feet for a football. That is the moment when two great Powers like the United States and Japan,** unexhausted by war, and replenished and reinforced in addition by the profits of neutrality, **could without a word of threat or a particle of menace say to such a victor with the blood-lust in his eyes: "Thou shalt not."**

We have seen that treaties bind some and do not bind others. Live, common interest and like ideals bind more securely.

Take the case of China! Japan has a great advantage of nearness in competing for the Chinese trade in such commodities as she can produce of standard quality and relative cheapness. Inasmuch as she could not even if she would supply that entire trade, it will not require much renunciation on her part to stand by her agreements as to the "open door." She will besides have a need for large imports herself, which the other countries may supply or withhold. In fine, the "open door" is the "open sesame" for her own material progress. Respect for the territorial integrity of China will, outside her own inner convictions, be the price she must pay for the amicable regard of every first class Power that turns a manufacturing machine. I am putting these things on the naked ground, shorn of sentiment, of ideality. And, believe me, Japan is not wanting in either.

Much, indeed, do the irritants like "Sigmund Henschen" smack their lips over the prospect of Japan blowing up the Panama Canal: they fairly revel in the idea. **Give us, then a union of interests with the United States which shall make the Panama Canal as important to Japan as the railroad from Tokio to Yokohama!** Neither is there any doubt that under such affirmative conditions the questions of racial mutual respect, the matter of labor immigration, the protection of trade-marks and other minor questions should better reach abiding settlement in a wholly friendly two-sided endeavor to solve them amicably as they may arise. At present, these delicate matters are loosely discussed by irresponsibles on both sides of the Pacific to no good end.

It is not at all probable that the present virtual absence of

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American mercantile shipping from the waters of the Pacific will last. I can have nothing to say regarding the causes of that shortage. It is the affair of America, and has naturally been of advantage to the shipping interests of Japan; but it has been a detriment to commerce on the Pacific Ocean. Freights have been offered in volume that could not be handled expeditiously, and it is well known that such delay invariably acts farther back on the domestic manufacturer or producer in preventing the offering of goods to be transported. Thus Japan on the whole has been probably a loser, as the United States undoubtedly has been. Now, under conditions of full and active friendliness, if the United States chose to continue its present attitude to its own shipping, why could not American capital invest in shipping built and operated under the flag of Japan, taking advantage of the cheaper Japanese labor for construction and operation?

If, too, American manufacturers possessed indubitable advantages in any particular line, the Japanese user of the object or the commodity could participate in the profits of the American manufacturer.

A score of mutually agreeable possibilities could develop from the practical union of two such Powers, but to the world at large it would be a bulwark and guarantee of peace over half the globe. This hope and this ideal stand for progress. We may well let the dancing-jacks of the yellow-press and the foreign agents in Japan and America ululate, if their crying out results in a firm understanding between the two Powers, both faithful and both full armed to stand off aggressors.

It pleases the sophists and casuists and frank enemies of Japan to bring forward anything that may be twisted into a menace to this class or that, but they leave entirely out of sight the mighty forces of commerce which make absolutely for peace and mutual national advancement. Have they the smallest conception of the ties of trade that bind the two nations? Who is Japan's biggest customer? The United States. The detailed figures for 1915 are not at hand, but on account of the large export trade in war munitions, foodstuffs and textile supplies to the allied nations, notably Russia, there is much departure from the normal of import and export totals in Japan as in the United States where a similar dislocation of percentage occurs. Remember that a yen is half a dollar; and then realize that in 1914 the United States, including Hawaii, took yen 3,877,000 in Japanese rice out of a total of yen 4,974,000 exported; in tea the United States took yen 11,705,000 out of a total of yen 12,709,000; in raw silk the United States took yen 134,799,000 out of a total of yen 161,797,000; in tablecloths the

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United States took yen 1,224,000 out of a total of yen 1,647,000; in hats and caps the United States took yen 3,089,000 out of yen 4,238,000; in pottery the United States took yen 3,141,000 out of a total of yen 5,913,000; in fancy mattings the United States took yen 1,863,000 out of a total of yen 2,813,000; in toys the United States took yen 1,034,000 out of a total of yen 2,591,000. And in all other items solid percentages with amounts growing from year to year. It has already been computed that **of Japan's total exports for 1915,** amounting to $304,000,000, **29 per cent. went to the United States,** 20 per cent. to China; 11 per cent. to Asiatic Russia; 10 per cent. to Great Britain, and 6 per cent. each to France and British India. The remainder went chiefly to Asia and Australia. **The United States supplied 20 per cent. of Japan's** $266,000,000 worth of **imports.** Japan's leading import article is cotton, of which the United States last year supplied about $28,000,000 worth. India was first, with about $70,000,000 worth.

Dry as these figures are and out of place as they may seem, the lowest one of them, I humbly hold, is to be preferred to the biggest of the "Sigmund Henschen" type of "roorback" as ridiculous ante-election stories are called. **Every pound of tea, every pound of raw silk is a soldier of peace and goodwill. Let us rely broadly on these actual things of amity and honest trading to offset the mean suggestions and corrupting implications of those who would get into opposing camps two great nations charged with the guardianship of the peace of half the world.**

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THE JAPANESE "BUGABOO."

"ROYCE ROUNSEVELLE."

The yellow newspapers and professional war agitators have already plunged us in war with Japan. "Hoards" of Asiatics are pictured overflowing our Pacific seaboard, with our defenses shattered, our cities laid in ruins, our mint at San Francisco looted, our fair California laid waste, Panama Canal blown up, Magdalena Bay occupied, Honolulu and the Philippines in the hands of the barbarians—imagination knows no bounds. Is such a peril threatened? Do the Japanese sing: "God strafe the United States"? Mr. "Rounsevelle," formerly a United States Consular representative, presents a somewhat different view from the yellows of militant pen and portentous voice.

I BELIEVE some good people some years ago attempted to promulgate a universal language. It was called Volpük. Unfortunately it never became popular. If it had, I believe that there would be no Japanese peril. The greatest peril that can come to two individuals is lack of a common understanding. A common understanding takes its fountain head in a common tongue. Common sense is the natural sequence of common understanding. The quizzical stranger on our shores, who is alien in race and tongue, is quickly interpreted as a suspicious character or spy. I believe human nature and human emotions are much the same the world over, but in the absence of a common language, human nature is invariably misunderstood. I believe that the Japanese mind is sadly interpreted by the English-speaking people of the United States. The oriental, as I have found him, differs little in his character and mental qualities from the average human being on a similar plane of life in any other nation. He is primarily domestic, loves his home and children, has pride in his person, is loyal to his flag, and worships his God. He is governed and animated by the same aspirations as the citizen of any country—except perhaps he is a little more intelligent and much more philosophical. This applies alike to the "coolie," as we have classed the more elemental grades of orientals, and to the upper classes. In Japan and in China, the "coolie" of yesterday may be the prime minister of tomorrow. Li Hung Chang was a "coolie"; so was Marquis Ito; though, in fact, neither was regarded as a "coolie" in his own country.

The "coolies," or "farm hands," who have come from Japan to the United States, are, of course, of the masses. They are recruited, as from Europe, from the farms and from the by-ways of the cities, and they are laborers, not "scum." The scum of Japan, or China, seldom rises from the sloth of its own environment. The

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Japanese are a remarkably active and industrious people, due to their form of liberal government, their love of home and family, and their close competition for a livelihood. The upper classes, who are recruited largely from the masses, as in America, are the peers in intelligence of any races on the earth, though of recent development and achievement. They do not want war with the United States, any more than we want war with them. In their adoption of foreign methods of government, they have taken on certain usages and tricks of modern military nations. They borrowed "civilization" from us, civil government from England, government ownership from France, and militarism from Germany. Their pupils were sent out to every military and naval school of the world, and brought home all the good and bad points of the systems they sought to apply to their rapidly expanding and changing régime, necessary to meet the opening trade and diplomacy of the world.

Thus, we find Japanese "spies" gathering data about our land; Japanese merchants putting into practice sharp Yankee practices of trade; Japanese statesmen growing rich through government franchises; Japanese farmers seeking land and public school privileges; Japanese marine men building disappearing batteries, developing high explosives, constructing great dreadnaughts. They are not doing these things for aught but the same reason that we are: for development and defense.

Japan saw England, Germany and Russia gobbling up China. She regards herself as the Great Britain of the East; and her overflowing population and extending manufacturing interests demand that she strengthen herself against trade annihilation. Japan has no ambitions across the Pacific. "We must spread out," said Japan's greatest statesman to me. "We are a manufacturing nation. Only half our land is possible for cultivation. China and Korea are our natural and sure market. We understand their wants. We know how to manufacture to please them. We are of the same race and the same language."

Said the late Admiral Coughlan—"We shall probably never fight the Japanese." Said the late Admiral Bob Evans, "Talk of war (with Japan) is a myth." Conditions have not changed; neither has geography. The Japanese are an intelligent people. The Japanese government desires legitimate and natural expansion in Asia. They are entitled to it, if they can secure it honorably, as we secured our territory from France, Spain and Mexico—just as Japan secured her predominance in Korea and Manchuria. Virile, intelligent nations expand in natural evolution; but growing pains should not be mistaken for explosive militant emotions.

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Japanese statesmen—and Japan is ruled by men of the people—big, self-made men who seldom make mistakes—know that war with the United States is a myth. They know that aside from the two or three sections in the Philippines and Honolulu, the territory of the United States is invulnerable to a military attack. They know that to hold those territories against us, even could Great Britain's assent be secured, would be folly. **They know that the cost of a war with the United States could not be financed. They know that a divided navy would eventually mean defeat. They know that they could not land enough men on our shores, even if any, to hold the point of landing.** It took a month to land 25,000 men on Chinese shores in 1901, and every available ship was put into transport service for men, equipment, munitions, and commissary—and the shores of the United States are thirty days away, while the shores of China are less than three days. Coal was plentiful and near-by, and the Chinese were without a navy.*

But aside from the folly of a Trans-Pacific invasion, the Japanese are not seeking war with us or any nation—hardly even China. **In the case of China, they know that diplomacy will accomplish more than war.** Diplomacy, the Japanese understand, because they are a highly intelligent people. No native race in the world's history has ever emerged from seclusion and lifted itself into a world power in industry, science, and culture, as has Japan almost wholly without civil strife or, with two exceptions, international warfare.

There is scattered a lot of buncomb in this country in the catch phrase of "the Japanese peril," largely stimulated because of a local question in California—a local labor and social question. California has developed its agriculture and industries by cheap oriental labor but denies to orientals the rights of other immigrants, perhaps with some reason, for the Japanese farmers and farm hands produce something like 90% of the crops of the state. But the situation is not more a cause of war than the outbreak of a Mafia is a cause of war with Italy, or the explosion of a few over-zealous German-Americans is a cause of war with Germany, or the hold-up of American mails and American shipping in European ports is a cause of war with England. These are questions for diplomacy to settle and courts to adjudicate.

"I am tired, tired of protesting that there is no situation—no cause, no reason for war or unfriendliness," said a great Japanese statesman recently. "It is preposterous to attempt to kindle a 'situation' out of manufactured opinion. **There is no shadow, no lurking skeleton, no lurking ghost.**" I talked with a recent Japanese Ambassador at Washington. When I mentioned the thread-

* The writer of this article was present at the landing.

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worn topic of "the Japanese peril," he fairly jumped from his chair. "Jingoism, political buncomb, rank folishness! **There is no issue. There can be no issue! Our governments are agreed on all policies that concern the East. We are overwhelmed with war debts! We want peace and the development of our commerce in China,** just as you do and just as has been guaranteed under the open door policy."

Says another eminent Japanese: "Our people are seeking to expand by the same enterprising trade methods that are characteristic of the Americans. **We want all the trade in China we can get and on equal terms with you.** Our bankers and merchants are speaking English; we are learning the language of your merchants and traders in the east. We shall get along and understand each other better and better."

When our troops landed in the Philippines, we were glad to let in the Chinese coolies by the thousands to do the work. The natives wouldn't work for us. They wouldn't do much work for anybody, not even themselves. If it hadn't been for the shiploads of coolies that were sent over from Hong Kong and Amoy, industry would have been paralyzed and the army without a commissary train from its base to its fighting lines. **There may come a time, after the European war, when these United States will welcome Japanese and even Chinese labor. The flow of immigration from Europe has stopped. It is doubtful if Europe will permit it to recur again, even if the European peasant should seek to come to this country.** Who will do the day labor in this country? Who will build, construct, dig and serve—not the day laborer and servant of yesterday? He is either promoted to the skilled labor class, or has gone home to fight and perhaps lies dead on some European battlefield. Who then will answer the call, so universal in the land, for labor? This is a big question and one that may let down the bars, as they were let down in Manila in 1899 and 1900. In Mexico the oriental is settling and rearing families, intermarrying and becoming a citizen. Perhaps the day will come when the Yellow Peril will have turned into the Yellow Solution.

It is a question for statesmanship and sensible economic legislation, not war. It is a question for educators and social scientists. We have from time to time fought and restricted immigration. We have studied its racial aspects and have contemplated its potentialities in the light of a melting-pot; but in this 1916 we have been confronted with the "peril" of its racial affiliations. We have found ourselves, just what we are, a little Europe grown big, after all. That is, a conglomerate citizenry in which the blood of Europe responds to a motherland and a fatherland. We have passed the crisis and find that the American citizen is no less so because his

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grandmother or grandfather spoke a different language and served a different flag. May the principle not expand still farther and encompass, as did Europe in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, the blood of the Orient? These are questions that have to do with the Japanese "peril," the economic and social phase of it.

I have lived in the Orient, in India, China, the Philippines and Japan. I have seen the Englishman, the German, the Frenchman, the Austrian, the Belgian, the Russian, in the office, in the warehouse, in the marts of trade and in the club, hotel and halls of government, at peace and comity with each other. I have heard them speaking each other's language and have seen them united in business and in agreement on phases of civil and religious rights. I have seen together in great cities conglomerate races working together without strife and with understanding to mutual profit and betterment. I see no peril in such a mixture of the races, given the common denominator of a common desire to attain legitimate aspirations.

In this country I see professional agitators, propagandists and adventurers, war fantatics and lobbyists for carpet bagging franchise seeking promoters, raising a cry of suspicion against the Japanese. I see "interests" in the far away Philippines building ghosts and casting shadows of Nippon's aggressions across peaceful landscapes. But **I do not see war in the heart of Japan, that debt-burdened, peaceful, efficient nation—the Yankees of the East.** Japanese statesmen; the men who guide that almost-republic, are the A.M's, Ph.D's and LL.D's of Oxford, Bohn, Yale, Harvard, Cornell, Leland Stanford and Princeton. They are not the fire-eating masques of grotesque cartoonists of old Nippon. They are studied in the arts of peace and culture, as are our own statesmen—not spiritless or without the "Bushido" spirit—they can fight and fight to the sacrifice of all on the altar of their country, but **they are as free from the spirit of hate toward the United States as are the simple peasants who till the rice paddies and water the lillies in their gardens.** The Pacific Coast needs a strong army of American soldiers; needs a powerful fleet of battleships and auxiliaries; needs the same consideration from Congress as does the Atlantic. Preparedness against the passions of men swayed beyond the control of diplomacy, is the only peril that demands vigorous attention whether against Japan, or any other nation whose peoples and affairs extend to American soil.

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ALCOHOL AND CRIME

ROBERT BLACKWOOD

One of the most extraordinary phases of the continual dispute between prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists is the shift from emotional arguments to fact arguments. The Forum presents one side of this dispute in this issue, and will present the answering facts in a future number.

THAT the use of alcoholic beverages is the chief cause of crime is an assertion constantly made by the advocates of prohibitory laws. The percentage of crimes alleged to be due to this cause is variously stated as from seventy to ninety per cent., but all prohibitionists agree that liquor-drinking is the principal source of crime. So persistent have been their statements to this effect that their iteration and reiteration have created a widespread and deep-rooted belief in their truth. The general public, seeing these assertions made without contradiction, has accepted them as a matter of course, so that the average citizen, if asked whether he thought that drink is largely responsible for our criminals, would unhesitatingly answer in the affirmative. If pressed for the basis for his opinion, the usual answer would be: "Why, everybody knows that the use of liquor is the cause of crime."

The origin for this popular belief concerning the relation of drinking to crime is to be found in the natural desire of the criminal to avoid responsibility for his wrongful acts. The man of weak will or crooked tendencies, who violates the laws that society has made for its protection, hopes to create sympathy by saying, "I was not to blame; drink weakened my will and led me to commit this crime." When it was found that credulous juries and judges were inclined to look upon a criminal's drinking habits as a reason for leniency, the plea became highly popular, so that in course of time it became the customary thing for a prisoner to say: "I was drunk," or "drink made me a criminal." Al Jennings, the Oklahoma train robber, relates in his autobiography that his fellow prisoners always told the warden or visitors that liquor was the cause of their going wrong, but that in private conversation with him they would admit that this was only a "gag" to enlist sympathy, and help to get them out of jail sooner.

Confusing Cause With Coincident

A second reason why the use of liquor is popularly associated with crime is the indisputable fact that many men who commit crimes drink liquors. The simple statement of fact that eighty

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per cent. of all the adult males use some kind of alcoholic beverages, shows that according to the law of averages a large percentage of criminals must be drinkers. But there is absolutely nothing to establish a connection between their drinking habits and their criminal traits. The mere fact that a criminal drinks, does not prove that drinking made him a criminal. The notion that it does arises from the careles habit of thinking that because a certain fact is coexistent with a certain condition, the fact is the cause of the condition. The same loose reasoning applied to other facts yields some startling conclusions. For instance—the most of criminals are white—therefore a white skin causes crime. Absurd, of course, and yet if the mere fact that criminals drink is to be deemed proof that drinking made them criminals, by a parity of reasoning, their pigmentation is equally responsible for the criminal tendencies of white men.

The report of the New York State Commission of Prisons for the year 1914 (Page 557), shows that of the total number of persons admitted to the various prisons during that year, 99 per cent. had received religious instruction in their youth. What would be thought of an unbeliever in religion who should claim that religious training is the cause of crime? Yet there are the facts. Ninety-nine per cent. of New York State's criminals received religious instruction. According to prohibition logic this instruction made them criminals.

To take another illustration: the same report shows that of all admissions to prisons in New York State in the year 1914 more than ninety per cent. could read and write. Will anyone pretend that the capacity to read and write made them criminals? To even suggest such an explanation makes it ridiculous. Yet it is exactly on a par with the prohibitionist claim that because some criminals drink, liquor makes criminals.

Why Are Not All Drinkers Criminals?

Convincing proof that liquor-drinking does not cause crime is found in the statistics relating to the number of persons who drink, and the number of criminals. As stated above, at least eighty per cent. of the adult male population of New York State uses liquor. There are nearly 3,000,000 adults in that state, of whom 2,400,000 drink. The report of the State Commission of Prisons (Page 554) for 1914, gives the number of males sentenced to imprisonment after convicition during that year as 19,293, or less than **ONE** per cent. Two million four hundred thousand men drink. Of these less than one per cent. commit crimes. If liquor makes criminals of the one per cent., why does it not have the same effect on the

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ninety-nine per cent? Or to put it another way: if the use of liquor causes one per cent. of the drinkers to become criminals, does it keep the ninety-nine per cent. virtuous? How can drink be held to be the cause of crime, if it affects less than one per cent. of the men who use it?

Weak Wills and Strong Drink.

The prohibitionist reply to the figures above quoted is that liquor only makes criminals of people with weak wills, and that this is the reason why such a small percentage of the liquor users are criminals. If this is true, does it not show that it is the lack of moral character, or of self-control, that leads both to excessive drinking, and to crime? That ninety-nine per cent. of liquor drinkers are not criminals proves that it is the weak will of the one per cent. that is responsible for their criminal acts. If drinking liquor was of itself the cause of crime, all drinkers should be criminals. When the prohibitionists say that liquor-drinking makes criminals only of the weak-willed, they admit that it is weakness of will that is the source of crime.

Even though it could be clearly shown that liquor-drinking is a factor in lessening self-control, this would not explain why a few people are injuriously affected, while ninety-nine per cent. are not. It is a fair conclusion that if only one per cent. of liquor users are criminals, the origin of their criminal tendencies must be either some inherited physical or mental weakness, or the result of wrong training, or unfavorable environment.

The Problem of Crime.

Through all the ages the question as to why men commit crimes has been studied and discussed, without reaching any positive conclusion. The theological explanation was that crime is the work of the devil; that man, originally virtuous, was tempted and fell; and that sin and crime are the result of the fall of Adam. Without entering into the realm of theology, it is sufficient to point out that this explanation fails to show why, if in Adam all men sinned, all men are not criminals. It is true that all men are sinners, in that they do not always live up to the moral law, but the fact that the great majority of mankind do not commit crimes, proves that natural depravity is not the cause of crime.

In recent years, the consensus of opinion among criminologists is that the chief causes of crime are: defective mentality, inherited weakness of will; malnutrition (insufficient or improper feeding in childhood); lack of proper moral training in youth; unwise selection by parents of unsuitable trades or vocations; and very largely,

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to poverty. To what extent these various causes influence character, particularly in the formative period, is difficult to determine, but it is the opinion of many students of the problem that poverty, and the evils arising out of it, such as over-work, too long hours, child labor, crowded tenements and other unsanitary housing conditions, are largely responsible.

In the poem "The Northern Farmer," Tennyson says:

"Tisnt them as has money as
Breaks into houses and steals,
Tisnt them as has coats to their backs
And takes their regular meals."

This homely philosophy is another way of stating the conclusion of Solomon: "The destruction of the poor is their poverty." The fact that the great majority of all the criminals come from the poorer classes, and in most cases from the very poor, indicates that this cause is the chief factor in creating criminals.

Serious Crimes Have no Relation to Use of Alcohol.

The claim that liquor drinking is the cause of seventy or ninety per cent. of crime is clearly disproved by a brief examination of the more serious offenses against the laws. There are no complete statistics on this subject for the whole country, but those of New York State, with 10,000,000 population, may be regarded as fairly representative. The report of the State Commissioner of Prisons for 1914, Pages 494-496, gives the following record of admissions to all the state prisons for that year:

Total number of prisoners admitted, 3,368.
Males, 3,327; females, 41.

Convicted of	abandonment	24
"	" abduction	32
"	" arson	47
"	" bigamy	25
"	" burglary (various degrees)	780
"	" carrying concealed and dangerous weapons	127
"	" extortion	23
"	" forgery	106
"	" grand larceny (various degrees)	658
"	" receiving stolen property	100
"	" robbery (various degrees)	318

These offenses constitute nearly seventy per cent. of the total number. It will not be seriously pretended that any considerable proportion of them are due to the use of liquor or committed while under the influence of liquor. Men do not engage in burglary while drunk. It is impossible to conceive of men planning to commit forgery or grand larceny while intoxicated. Drink has no relation to the carrying of concealed weapons, nor is it responsible for receivers of stolen property. If robbers get drunk before starting out in search of a victim the fact is unknown to the police. Pick-

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pockets do not work under the inspiration of liquor. It is highly doubtful that men are guilty of bigamy because of Dutch courage given by drink. So that of this large percentage of all serious crimes punished with state prison sentences, there is nothing to show that drink was in any way their cause, but on the contrary, the nature of the offenses show that it had no connection with them.

Another important fact bearing on this question is found in the report of the Secretary of State for New York on "Statistics of Crime" for 1914, which gives detailed records of 9,088 convictions for criminal offenses in that year. Of this number the records show that 8,351 convicts were of temperate habits; 707 intemperate, and 30 "unknown." The percentage of intemperate was only 7.77; instead of the alleged 70-90 per cent.

Prohibition Does Not Diminish Crime.

As a remedy for the crimes alleged to be due to the use of liquor, the prohibitionists advocate the enactment of laws forbidding the sale, or manufacture for sale, of all kinds of alcoholic beverages. "Pass prohibitory laws," they say, "and crime, wickedness and evil will be greatly diminished, if not altogether abolished." In support of this claim, they give what purport to be statistics showing that prohibition has decreased crime in the states that have tried it.

Unfortunately for the prohibitionists, the reports from the various states—wet and dry—do not support their claims. Thus the United States Census Bureau reports that Maine, which has had prohibition for sixty years, has an average of 98.3 sentenced prisoners per 100,000 population. Wisconsin, a wet state, has only 71.8. Kansas, prohibition for forty years, has 91.1 prisoners per 100,000. Nebraska, a neighboring wet state, with almost the same soil, climate, and character of population, has only 55.1. North Dakota, dry for twenty-five years, has 63.6 prisoners per 100,000. The sister state of South Dakota, wet, has only 47.8. Georgia, prohibition for eight years, has 191.4 prisoners per 100,000. New York State, said to be the wettest in the Union, has only 137.3. These figures show conclusively that prohibition does not diminish crime, and discredit the assertions to the contrary by the prohibition propaganda.

A comparison of the rates of crime in various wet and dry states at different periods, shows that in some states crime has materially increased under prohibition. The following figures are taken from the latest U. S. Census reports:

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				Per 100,000 population.
Sentenced prisoners	in	Maine	in 1904.....	70.0
"	"	" Maine	in 1910.....	98.3
"	"	" Georgia	in 1904.....	91.5
"	"	" Georgia	in 1910.....	191.4
"	"	" N. Dakota	in 1904.....	54.6
"	"	" N. Dakota	in 1910.....	63.6

The number of prisoners increased in Maine 40 per cent.; in Georgia more than 100 per cent.; in North Dakota nearly 20 per cent. If prohibition decreases crime, why was there an increase of crime in these prohibition states?

During the same period 1904-1910, there was a material decrease in crime in various license states. The census reports show:

				Per 100,000 population.
Sentenced prisoners	in	California	in 1904.....	210
"	"	" California	in 1910.....	174.8
"	"	" S. Dakota	in 1904.....	57.9
"	"	" S. Dakota	in 1910.....	47.8
"	"	" NewJersey	in 1904.....	131.9
"	"	" NewJersey	in 1910.....	117.7

The number of prisoners in California decreased almost 18 per cent.; in South Dakota 17 per cent.; and in New Jersey 12 per cent.

No sensible person claims that liquor-drinking diminished crime in these wet states, yet it would be just as reasonable as the assertion that prohibition decreases crime in the dry states. Two facts are clearly established by these statistics: that the use of liquor is not a material factor in the causation of crime, and that prohibition would not in any degree lessen the number of criminal acts.

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HERBERT SPENCER'S "THE DUTY OF THE STATE"

WITH COMMENTS BY THE HON. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

At the suggestion of Mr. Truxton Beale, The Forum has been reprinting a series of Herbert Spencer's essays dealing with the question of excessive governmental activity. It was Mr. Beale's theory that these essays, written more than a generation ago, possessed a quality and power of social vision that makes them of exceptional interest in the United States to-day, especially in that many of the complexities of social and industrial evolution which Spencer foresaw have come to pass and are problems we are to-day trying hopefully to solve. Mr. Beale presented his idea to a number of eminent Americans and re-awakened interest in these essays, with the result that some of the greatest leaders of thought in this country agreed to contribute comments, in the light of our present-day problems, on the Spencer essays. The series was inaugurated with Mr. Beale's article on "The State v. The Man in America," and since then The Forum has published seven of Spencer's essays with introductions by Elihu Root, Henry Cabot Lodge, Nicholas Murray Butler, David Jayne Hill, Judge Elbert H. Gary, and others.—EDITOR.

MR. SPENCER, in discussing "The Duty of the State" and "The Limit of State Duty," considers a number of questions which are as alive to-day as they ever were. In the first place, Mr. Spencer arraigns the administration of justice, which he says is so framed as to operate with dispatch and severity on those who commit certain kinds of wrongs that we call crimes and misdemeanors. But he points out that there are many other wrongs committed by one man upon another, of a civil character, the remedy for which can only be secured by the one wronged after the expenditure of so much money as to render the cost prohibitory to the poor. When Mr. Spencer wrote this in 1849, twelve years after the accession of Queen Victoria, the administration of justice in England was a disgrace to its civilization, and the criticisms that Mr. Spencer made were much more deserved then than they now would be. If one would wish to see the advance which has been made in the administration of justice in England, he should read the description of the reforms effected in that country between the accession of Queen Victoria and her Jubilee year in 1887. Great progress has been made in the certainty of punishment for crime and also in the expedition, directness and simplicity of the remedy for civil wrongs. There is still a serious defect in the cost of litigation weighing heavily on the poor litigant and putting a remedy for a wrong beyond his reach. We are behind England in the certainty of our punishment of crime and also in the expedition with which cases are disposed of. I think justice is not too expensive with us, and yet there is much room for improvement in

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this regard. I don't know any field in which taxes may be so well expended and with such complete propriety as in relieving litigants from the burden of the cost of litigation. Our ideal is equality before the law. The necessary inequalities in means of carrying on litigation prevent men from being equal before the law. **It is in my judgment the function of the State to make the conduct of litigation as cheap as possible for the poor litigants, by providing that the public shall assume substantially all the court costs in the case.** It is said that this will encourage litigation and that the policy of the law should be to discourage it. I full agree with Mr. Spencer that this is a fundamental error. It may be that there would be more litigation than there now is if it was cheaper to carry it on, and it may be that the machinery of the law would at times be used for unjust purposes; but on the whole, I think the good effected would be very much greater. Litigation must necessarily cost something in time, in effort, in nervous strain, and in the payment of witness fees, all of which would work a substantial restraint upon unnecessary litigation. Indeed, I would not object to public prosecutors of civil wrong, if they were given power to winnow out the unfounded causes or the unjust defense submitted to them. The various legal aid societies that have been organized have done great work in facilitating conciliations and compromises. The amount of injustice done in this matter is not measured by the amount that ought to have been recovered and was not, or by the amount which was recovered and ought not to have been recovered. It is measured by the ratio between the wrong done, measured in money to the means of the person suffering it. This, Mr. Spencer points out with accuracy and force.

Another subject which Mr. Spencer discusses in one of these chapters is the necessity for the use of force by Government in compelling men to do their duty and in resisting their unjust aggression. He admits that in a perfect State, where all men know and do their duty, the use of force would be immoral whether by the State or by any citizen; but he says that while the use of force is an evil, yet in the condition of human nature as it is, the anarchy that would follow its absence would be a more serious evil in the wrongs that would be done to many people, and therefore we must choose the lesser of the two evils. In the same way, he points out the necessity for the use of force by one nation in resisting the unjust aggression of another. **He says war is wrong and immoral, but war is to be preferred to the awful result of non-resistance when nations are as they are, and when their actions are affected by the same human defects as those of the men who compose them.** His argument against pacificism is quite as complete as any supporter

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of preparedness in the present day would wish, and he reaches his conclusion after the fullest admission of the arguments against the use of force.

In the chapter on "The Limits of State Duty," Mr. Spencer takes up and presses with strong argument the **laissez faire** doctrine of government, in which he limits the duty of the State to protection and opposes affirmative action to improve social conditions. The world seems largely to have abandoned this extreme **laissez faire** doctrine. The modern tendency has been in a marked degree toward what has been called "paternalism." Our experiments in that direction have vindicated many of the arguments of Mr. Spencer against the enlargement of the state duty into minute social regulations and into a field of affirmative state action. He refers to history to show that all of this has been attempted in the past; that statutes have been enacted to regulate in the minutest way in France and England the methods of manufacture, and the methods of carrying on business. He says that in France this was carried to such an extent that it is no wonder now that the state has become everything and the individual nothing. **He says that the use of taxes to do that which the people by private enterprise will normally do produces waste,** produces atrophy of those tendencies on the part of individuals to do **this work, and so destroys independence of action and individual enterprise.** While we may not go with Mr. Spencer to the extreme which he takes in criticising even a system of public education, there is in what he says a vast amount of truth, which the rapidly increasing expenses of our government—national, state and municipal—are likely to bring home to us in the near future. He urges what so many of our legislators are blind to, that the machinery of government must be adapted to the capacity of those who are to constitute the government and to be governed. Laws which are adapted to an ideal people, moved only by the highest moral considerations and governed by every proper self-restraint are ill adapted to people as we know them. The laws thus put upon the statute book promptly become dead letters and are demoralizing in their effect upon all law and its enforcement. The theory that by the initiative, the referendum and the recall, and by the general primary, we could put in the hands of all the people complete governmental power which would be exercised solely in the interest of the people and with intelligence and foresight, led to the adoption of this change in the machinery of representative government. It was hoped that in this way the evils of corruption which had manifested itself in legislatures, councils and in party conventions, would be entirely eliminated because the people would be acting for themselves and

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could be counted on to be honest with themselves, to know what their own interests required and thus to follow their own interests in their actions. The failure in these experiments has not impressed itself as fully upon all the people as it is likely to do in the future, but most men who have given any attention to the operation of these new nostrums and panaceas, have found that they are not as well adapted to bringing about good government as the old representative system. These nostrums have failed both through the fact that much of what is attempted is expert work, to be done by expert agents of the people, and representatives rather than by the people themselves, and because people cannot be counted on to do their electoral duty under such a system, when for its proper working they must be far more diligent, attentive and scrutinizing than they have either time or inclination to be. Mr. Spencer points out with convincing force, the fact that a government cannot be made better by machinery if the material of which the machinery is made is not adapted to the proposed working of it. A conscientious reading of these two chapters would put a lot of good sense and practical ideas in the minds of our legislators—a knowledge which if properly improved and digested would certainly help the State.

THE EYES OF DAWN

WITTER BYNNER

I LOVED you, loved you, with your unseen eyes
Sweet to my lips in nearnesses of night,
Sweet to my fingers that were trembling light
Upon your face to prove my true surmise
Of eyes that opened, witnessing with mine. . . .
There had not been a sign nor ray of sight
But only love to prompt my guess aright. . . .
Then dawn revealed you slowly line by line.

At first I held away your dreaming face
From my face. Till the dark-blue light was keen,
Still, still I held it—though my passion beat
For it. And then all heaven on the place
Came down, and nothing ever to be seen
Again can hide your eyes, so wild, so sweet!

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BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

WORLD STRUGGLE FOR SHIPPING SUPREMACY

GEO. WEISS

Mr. Weiss is a member of the staff of the "Journal of Commerce," and as such has had peculiar facilities for keeping in touch with commercial developments of New York. Mr. Weiss will be a monthly contributor to THE FORUM.

WHILE the nations of Europe are engaged in a titanic struggle, fifteen of the leading nations of the world including those now plunged in war are battling for the supremacy of the seas. All are cognizant of the fact that the road to future prosperity lies on the seven seas. Each is striving to accomplish more than the others. Hundreds of steamers are being built in every country possessing building facilities. Countries not having ship-yards are now creating them. It no longer is considered necessary to have raw materials. These can be bought elsewhere. Steamers can be built on any stream capable of floating a keel, and judging from the overwhelming expansion of ship construction there will be vessels building in practically every civilized country of the world having access to the open seas. It is a case of the lion and the mouse. While England, the lion, is tethered down by war, the other countries of the world, literally the mice, are industriously performing the tasks that England formerly did for the universe. All are planning to wrest from England her commercial power on the ocean. Will they succeed?

There is no need to cry wake up, America. The business world is fully awake as to the possibilities in the shipping situation. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been invested in shipping, direct and indirect, since the beginning of the war. Whether the economists of a certain type will still insist that as a self-contained nation we do not need a mercantile marine, it is apparent that the country is now bound to have one of immense proportions. To believe that we will snatch England's laurels on the seas at this early date would give a false impression. Some facts that illuminate the path of progress towards an American merchant marine are here given. Since the beginning of the war, **thirty-seven new American steam-**

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ship lines have been formed, each running from two to ten steamers a month. Every one of these lines, while in the first instance war-trade upstarts, has now been put on a permanent basis and will remain in trade after the war. On January 1, 1916, there were over 350 more vessels flying the Stars and Stripes than on August 4, 1914. These vessels have increased the tonnage of the American merchant marine by more than 1,500,000 tons. We have displaced Germany as having the second largest merchant marine. When the boats now building in American yards are completed, we will have attained an increase of fully 1,750,000 tons in our merchant marine. We are making progress at an extremely rapid rate. Our Consuls abroad no longer report the absence of the American flag in foreign ports. The entire shipping situation has undergone a startling metamorphosis.

The big banking interests of the country are irrevocably committed to the development of American shipping. W. R. Grace & Company are now a fullfledged American concern. Their steamers fly the American flag. They have bought the Pacific Mail. The Grace facilities form the nucleus for the mergers that the National City Bank interests plan through the American International Corporation. The ship mergers accomplished by Morse in his palmiest days will be insignificant compared to those now under way. The American International Corporation has cast envious glances at the International Mercantile with its bumper treasury despite bankruptcy. The United Fruit Company with its extensive ramifications in Central America and the West Indies, the New York & Porto Rico Line, the coastwise lines—have all come in for their share of investigation towards the accomplishment of one huge shipping merger that will be able to fight with the monster that Europe is creating. Then, Gaston Williams & Wigmore, now greatly enlarged in scope, have wonderful plans for a world wide shipping service. The Guaranty Trust Company is behind Gaston Williams & Wigmore. They are now operating steamers to a number of ports in Europe.

Our American shipping lines are no longer content to operate in trades where restrictions give them an advantage. Luckenbach abandoned the Panama Canal when that waterway was closed by slides and is now sending boats to China, Japan, Australia and South America in open competition with the British lines. The Garland Steamship Company, an offshoot of the British-American Tobacco Company, is running to United Kingdom ports and also to China. Gaston Williams & Wigmore have the Globe Line running to Bordeaux, Archangel and Lisbon and ready to go anywhere freight is offered. The American Hawaiian Line finds

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great satisfaction in chartering out the larger part of its fleet, receiving as high as $135,000 a month for some of its boats. These boats did not cost more than $500,000 to build; so they are earning their cost inside of a half year. Go on the floor of the Maritime Exchange of the Port of New York between noon and two o'clock; and you will find about three hundred shipping men doing an active business! The Superintendent of the Exchange will tell you that never before has the exchange had so many members. At Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Norfolk, San Francisco, Seattle and other ports the same condition obtains. Along both seaboards shipping is the brightest spot in the commercial sphere.

Talk with editors whose entire lives have been devoted to shipping news finds them radiant with the prospects for the firm establishment of an American mercantile marine. One daily paper is now securing more shipping advertising than ever before in its 90 years of existence. A new shipping monthly started a year ago has gone up from thirty to seventy pages, being carried along by the boom. Officials at the Custom House were forced to ask Washington for over one hundred additional clerks to handle the increased business. A walk down Broadway below Wall Street any night after ten o'clock will show nearly all the shipping offices with light burning brightly and clerks trying to make order out of the chaos. Along the docks in Manhattan, Brooklyn and Staten Island, the loading and unloading of steamers never ceases. Day and night work is going on. Men are not available in sufficient numbers, although the large dock companies have from 500 to 1,800 extra men on their rosters. Tug-boat men in New York have never enjoyed such prosperity. Steam lighters have been bought from as far south as Florida in an effort to cope with the avalanche of freight in New York harbor. The railroads have been congested for over a year, declaring embargoes on and off.

Shipping lines were sorely perplexed to find men to handle the increased business. In some of the offices of the large lines, mere boys are delegated with the power of booking freight orders. Demand for experienced clerks has been tremendous and any shipping clerk who has been unable to better himself lacks initiative. At the beginning of the war one clerk I have in mind held a $25 a week job. Now he is secretary of a $5,000,000 shipping corporation. A Norwegian came over here a year ago and took a $12 a week compatriot out of a shipping office and made him a partner. To-day that clerk has an income of $75,000 a year.

Can We Build as Cheap as England?

There are many pessimists who declare that our boom in ship-

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building is being overdone and that the reaction will carry down many of the new enterprises. From a close study of the shipping situation, I feel that our expansion has been natural. There has been a general absence of wildcatting in shipbuilding and shipping lines. One or two efforts to sell stock failed of success because the public knows that capital need not be solicited for good shipping enterprises. When Europe annexed our laurels as shipbuilders, we were busy building railroads. Now that our interior development has reached completion, we are ready to return to shipbuilding; and we are returning at the most opportune time. American shipbuilders will be able to hold their own against the competition of England. They will be able to do so without difficulty. Schwab, Farrell, Gary and other important steel interests, who know shipbuilding from the keel up to the cross-trees, say so. The heads of such yards as the Newport News Shipbuilding Company, the Cramps, the New York Shipbuilding Corporation, the newly formed Sun Shipbuilding Corporation are so confident of their ability not only to hold their own but forge to the head that they have invested upwards of $100,000,000 in new facilities since the beginning of the war. Our shipyards to-day are largely self-contained. Where the steel mills do not own the yard outright as in the case of Schwab and the Fore River, Sparrows Point and Union Iron Works, the shipbuilders have some close relation with the steel mills. Schwab has the iron ore, the blast furnaces the rolling mills and the ship-yards. Could anything be more self-contained? Take the Sun Shipbuilding Corporation which is building a plant at Chester, Pa., capable of constructing six 600-foot steamers at the same time. The organizers of the company bought the plant of Robert Wetherrill & Co. to manufacture the engines. They took over the Seaboard Steel Casting Company to make the castings, and being near the largest plate mills in the world they can get its steel plates without trouble.

The American steel mills are preparing to supply the shipbuilders with all the steel they need. The mills rolling steel plates are now building enlargements that will double their capacity, so that shipbuilders need not suffer from the lack of steel. When these enlargements are completed, the mills will be the largest in the world, rolling plates over 300 inches in width. The enormous plants of Worth Bros. Company at Coatesville, the Lukens Iron & Steel Company near Philadelphia, the Carnegie Steel Company and the other large rollers of plates—are being expanded solely to meet the increased demand from shipbuilders. Certainly, the steel mills would not risk the investment of over $50,000,000 if they were not sure that a new and large demand had been developed.

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Steamers that are now being built in this country cost $135 a ton for 10,000 ton boats, and $150 a ton for 5,000 ton boats. These prices compare with a normal of about $40 a ton before the war. This added cost must be earned by the shipping companies before rates return to normal. Opinion is general that peace is not far off. But the shipping lines are so sanguine that high rates will continue for two or three years after peace is declared that they have no hesitation in ordering ships at the present high prices. Before freight rates return to normal, these ships will have earned their cost. The British shipbuilders are beseeching the Norwegians and others who are placing orders in this country to wait until the war is over and they will build vessels cheaply for them, but the Scandinavians have an eye to current profits.

Meddling by Our Government.

Why the Wilson Administration persists in ramming down the throats of the people its pet theory of a government owned merchant marine when American shipping men have almost universally declared that the proposed legislation would prove destructive is beyond the ken of reason. The first ship bill drafted in the early days of war died in Congress; but hopes are now held by the administration that a bill of this nature can be passed. The bill provides for a board to be known as the United States shipping board, which will be allowed $50,000,000 to buy steamers for government lines. Now $50,000,000 would not buy more than forty steamers of about 10,000 tons each. A concern having only forty steamers could not run more than four lines. It would be a competitor; but would its competition be vital?

Under a cloak of being a body to seek the upbuilding of an American merchant marine, the board's main duty would create government owned ship lines. The bill attempts to furnish a panacea before making a diagnosis of the cancer that prevents the growth of our merchant marine. We are now in the midst of a tremendous revival of American shipbuilding. On April 1, there were 360 vessels building in American yards of 1,067,856 tons. Our shipbuilding capacity is now taxed to the limit. The yards are filled with business up to the end of 1917. Where can this Government board build vessels if it had the $50,000,000 to spend? It cannot buy them from other countries; as Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Norway, Sweden, Brazil, Chile, Greece and other maritime nations prohibit the transfer of any tonnage now flying their flags. It cannot build them in American yards unless it will take delivery two to three years hence. They cannot be built in Navy Yards, as the yards are full, and if the plan

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to resurrect old naval establishments were followed out, where will the steel be obtained? The steel mills are demanding $80 a ton for steel plates for delivery this year, and $70 a ton for delivery in the first half of next year. Can the government board afford to pay such prices for steel, go through the red tape of naval shipbuilding and then have vessels that it can operate profitable and in competition with private lines?

Instead of giving some encouragement to private shipbuilding, the pressing of the Government ship bill constitutes a wilful and unfair use of governmental powers against individual enterprise. Governmental cooperation is needed. McAdoo may have been a genius in building the Hudson Tubes and financing the Wilson campaign; but when he goes into shipping he is going into deep water, far too deep for him.

Despite England's rules and regulations, foreigners are buying English vessels. All they need do is organize an English company and appoint an English subject as manager controlling several shares. Even then England could control the vessels because they are British owned. But there are no men so tricky and adroit as the shipping men, and to them no regulations are insurmountable. The foreigners owning a British vessel instruct the manager to charter the steamer out to them at a low rate and for several years. The English government gets its war tax out of the low charter rate, while the foreigners operate the vessels at high rates. Whenever the British Government ascertains such cases, it promptly requisitions the steamers at its own rates; but I know of hundreds of cases where the deception has not been uncovered.

While the neutral ship owners are earning two dollars to every one dollar earned by the British, it must also be remembered that the English are now earning three dollars for every one dollar earned by them before the war. Clarifying this statement, it appears that the earnings of neutral ship owners have increased six hundred per cent., while the England ship owner enjoys a three hundred per cent. gain. **Fairplay** of London, the well known shipping journal, takes the earnings of twenty-three representative English cargo boat companies for last year and analyses them. It ascertains that the profit in 1915 amounted to £3,392,779, as against £818,825 in 1914. These companies gave an average dividend of 21.55 per cent. and a total bonus of £799,404 in 1915, while in 1914 the average dividend was 10.41 per cent., with a bonus of £346,372. This wonderful accomplishment has been made after £2,034,401 had been written off for depreciation, although in 1914 these companies allowed only £355,571 for depreciation. Take the case of larger representative English ship companies. The Cunard earned

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£261,000 more in 1915 than in 1914, the White Star profits increased from £795,955 to £1,803,817, Houlder Bros. & Co. from £45,766 to £224,545, British & Argentine Steam Navigation Co. a gain of £40,104. According to the **London Statist,** the British shipping companies increased their earnings 575 per cent. in 1915 over 1913 after making allowance for the 50 per cent. tax on excess profits. Reports of the English shipping companies now being made for 1915 operations show increases in profits ranging from 25 to 150 per cent., and in some cases the increases run as high as 400 per cent. Thus we find shipping companies doubling their dividends and giving immense sums to their stockholders in the form of bonuses, which often run as high as 100 per cent. England's shortcoming is that this money cannot be reinvested in shipping. England's ship-yards cannot take orders for new tonnage.

England Not Benefiting From High Rates.

English ship owners are grimly seeing the Scandinavians, the Greeks, the Spanish and the American ship owners securing the cream, while only a small portion of the skimmed milk remains for them. England is paying the freight. English ship owners cannot partake of the high prevailing rates for freight movements. In the first place, 57 per cent. of her merchant marine is under government requisition, while the remaining 43 per cent. can only move in trades permitted by government license and carry freight at government rates. Lord Curzon, chairman of the Control Committee, recently told Lord Beresford in the House of Lords that of the 20,000,000 tons of steamers flying the English flag, 9,000,000 tons are employed in naval and military operations, 2,900,000 tons have been turned over to France, Italy and Russia as England's contribution to fighting strength, while the remaining 9,000,000 tons are left to the ship owners but must be operated so that England's civilian population must not starve. The English ship owners are being milked. They are kicking hard but of no avail. With their profits limited by government regulation of rates they must also turn over 50 per cent. of their excess earnings to the government as a war tax. Thus they are earning less that the neutrals. England supreme on the seas is the smallest participant in the wealth that the war has created.

As to neutral earnings, the English are observing the financial accounts with envious eyes. Sir Archibald Williamson, M.P., a shipping authority, recently declared that by the end of the present year the ship owners of Holland, Norway, Denmark and Sweden will have acumulated no less than $400,000,000 in excess of their normal profits since the beginning of the war. And all this money

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is going right back into ships. "More ships" is the cry of every maritime nation.

Sir Owen Phillips, Chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, one of the five largest lines in England, declared: "It is recognized on all hands that the position in regard to our depleted mercantile tonnage calls for urgent remedy. The lack of ships to carry our commerce has bred a scarcity of supplies in this country (England) with an inevitable advance in prices. The remedy for this condition of things is ships, and more and more ships. Every encouragement should be given to capital to acquire foreign tonnage wherever possible, to add to the British registry." But England can scarce retain the ships that it now has much less buy vessels from foreigners. England is being steadily drained of its existing tonnage. Lloyds in its report for 1915 states that 232,949 tons of shipping were sold to foreigners. The Swedes, the Dutch, the Norwegians and the Danes are always buying English vessels. The Greeks and the Japs likewise. Glance over the English shipping papers! See the numerous sales! English ship owners feel that it is better to take a large profit in a lump by selling than continue to operate vessels subject to the red tape of war officials. The English government prohibits foreigners to own British vessels, and it also prohibits the transfer of British vessels to other registries. However, there is a loophole. A loophole so big and wide that one of the largest British ship companies, the International Mercantile Marine Company, is owned in this country.

Little Shipbuilding in England.

Ship yards in the United States, in Japan, Norway, Sweden, Holland, and even in sleepy Spain and warring Italy are rushed with business, but the ship yards of England are not turning out any merchant vessels. All English ship yards are "controlled" establishments. That is, they are subject to the orders of the Ministry of Munitions. Lloyd George wants definite results towards the increase of fighting strength. He does not feel that merchant vessels can help towards this end. But the ship yards can and must do naval work and it is on such work that they are now solely employed. Both natural and unnatural conditions hamper the English ship yards. Hundreds of vessels that were started before Lloyd George forbade their completion are now in shipbuilders' basins with English ship owners beseeching the government to permit the ship yards to finish them. In the quarter ended March 31, 1915, there were 424 vessels having a tonnage of 1,423,435 tons building in English ship yards. Not one of these vessels had been ordered after July of 1915; which indicates the tie-up of

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ship construction in the Kingdom. Last March, the English Government gave permission to certain ship yards to complete work on 500,000 tons, so that some more vessels can be added to the depleted merchant fleets.

Even if the English ship yards were in a position to go ahead and build merchant steamers to their full capacity, they could not do so. In the first place, the steel mills are controlled establishments and every ton of steel that they can produce is going into munitions. And even if steel were available, the work could not progress. Ships are not only hulls. They must have engines and other equipment. The hard steels needed for engines are needed much more urgently for guns. Then again the Germans ruined the English shipbuilders in the guise of supplying them with forgings cheaply before the war. The Germans manufactured about 80 per cent. of the shafting and forgings used by English shipbuilders, and the English plants turned to other lines of endeavor, leaving this field to the Germans. The English can make forgings; but the huge hydraulic presses are not obtainable over night and the plants capable of making them are controlled establishments; for hydraulic presses are needed for cannon and not ship shafts.

Ships are being built not only for current needs but for use after the war as well. They will be urgently needed after the war, and the stolid British shipping men know this. With their own yards barred to them, they are placing orders in this country, in Japan and even in China. The Canadian Pacific Railway has ordered three 10,000 tons steamers to be built at Hong Kong. Two big vessels are building at Newport News for a Glasgow ship concern. The Japs are rushed with work. Holland is building vessels with German materials. The Spaniards have turned their naval establishments into merchant ship yards, while now in Canada both in the maritime provinces and out in British Columbia, shipbuilding has received an impetus of no small proportions. The Japs are building steamers for the British and no doubt will build them well. They will not be original in design, for the Japs are frank and faithful imitators. Their naval architects have been sitting at the feet of the British and German teachers in Japan and have acquired the lore of shipbuilding. They have worked in the yards on the Clyde, Tyne, and also in Germany and no doubt know as much about shipbuilding as did their tutors.

English ship yards are taking orders for the construction of vessels, work on which is to begin as soon as possible after the termination of the war. Contracts have been placed recently by British shipping houses that call for delivery in 1919. Many of

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the English shipping houses have found it difficult to place such orders. In the first place, the shipbuilders do not know what the cost of building will be. The ship buyers wants a set price, the shipbuilder a "time and line" contract, providing a percentage over the cost. Out of the various conditions developed by the war the fact that is revealed most brilliantly to those who have the interests of an American merchant marine at heart is that the English will not be able to build vessels cheaper than we can. For instance, one larger English shipping house placed an order with a Clyde yard for a duplicate of a steamer built for them in 1908. The new steamer will cost £97,250, as against £53,000 for the older vessel. The engines which cost £19,000 in 1908 will now cost £34,000, while the hull which cost £34,500 will now cost £63,000. This boat is to be delivered in 1919 and can be built in this country for delivery early in 1918 for $450,000, as against a cost of $486,250 in England for 1919 delivery. English shipping authorities are aware of this condition. One of the leading writers in England recently declared, "If they (the American shipbuilders) are supported by their government and if the ship owners receive similar support, British shipbuilders will require all their ability and all their resources, if they are to hold their own in the competition that is coming."

The English ship owner whose boats are in the service of the Government will experience many trying days before his vessels are again in suitable condition for commercial purposes. Repairs have been neglected by the military and naval officials who are operating the steamers; and when the boats are returned to the owners there will be a rush for repairs that will clog up the shipyards of England. There has also been a complete dislocation of the apportionment of steamers over the seven seas. Boats of certain types that should be operating to the Orient are down in South America and vice versa. Discussing the post war situation with the head of one of the important lines recently, I ascertained that the English shipping associations are in accord that high ocean freights will prevail for at least three years after the termination of hostilities. The process of readjustment will be slow. England alone will experience a serious shortage of labor after the war that will hamper the reconstruction of its merchant marine. With the English ship yards full with orders for new boats, repair work will suffer; as the former is better paid.

Efforts to arrange for the coming struggle are now observable everywhere. At the recent conference in Paris, where representatives of all the Allies met to discuss economic conditions, the subject of action against the neutrals of the world as well as against

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Germany, was discussed; it being conceded that the future commercial war will have the powerful neutrals as active combatants.

English Lines Preparing for the Struggle.

English shipping companies do not propose to stand by and see the loss of their business. Just now we are in the midst of reports of gigantic combinations of English shipping companies. The Cunard Line is planning a world service after the war. It has bought the Commonwealth & Dominion Line, it controls the Anchor Line and the Anchor-Brockelbank Line running to India. In conjunction with the Ellerman Lines, it recently purchased the seven steamers of the Watson Steamship Company, thus revealing a stronger bond of unity between the Cunard and Ellerman lines than was generally suspected. It took over the fleet of the Canadian Northern Railway, and now the most monumental amalgamation in shipping is being discussed—namely, the merging of the Cunard and Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. English shipping interests in these combinations concede that amalgamations are particularly desirable to offset the increased strength of the neutral shipping concerns. Underlying these English ship mergers appears the hand of the British Government. The Cunard Line has always had close relations with the British Government, and the deduction therefore is not far fetched. The British Board of Trade through Mr. Runciman has given close attention to the shipping problem after the war. English trade lies on the seas. It must be protected by an English merchant marine. The Board of Trade is working towards effecting one huge operating agreement that will assure harmony among the British lines so that British trade can benefit to the greatest extent possible.

The Germans Are Awake

Whatever the outcome of the war, Germany's great shipping industry will be prepared for the resumption of the campaign for commercial expansion. The sudden halt called on August 4, 1914, has not harmed the plans of the German ship lines. Although up to the present time the Allies have captured or sunk 614 vessels of 1,508,733 tons flying the German flag, or almost 33 1-3 per cent. of the German merchant marine, the German ship owners are ready. They have made considerable progress towards replacing the boats that have been lost. German shipyards are busy, and the Germans have ordered boats in Holland, Sweden, and even in this country; although it is not generally known that American yards are turning out vessels that will be ultimately operated under the German flag.

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Over 1,500 German vessels are tied up in neutral ports of the world. With characteristic German thoroughness, they are ready to take to the high seas. They are in the prime of condition. Their engines are tip top, their bottoms are not foul. In sum, from the standpoint of condition, they are much better than 90 per cent. of the boats now on the high seas. This factor alone will render them vital competitors. The German Government has already set its plans for the reintroduction of its mercantile marine on the high seas. A bond of unity among all the German lines is being arranged. There will be no inter-competition but competition only with other nations.

German shipyards are very secretive about the work they are doing. On May 19 the German steamer Cap Pollina, of 21,500 tons, was launched "somewhere in Germany." She has accommodations for 2,000 passengers. Her construction in war times is quite an accomplishment. The German ship yards are building over 150 steamers. The Bremen Vulcan Shipbuilding & Engineering Company of Vegesack reported that on December 31 last the value of merchant ships building in its yards was 14,760,000 marks as against 7,430,000 marks the year previous. The directors reported that they had sufficient work in hand to provide full operations for several years ahead. The German shipyard of J. C. Tecklenborg & Co., of Bremerhaven, reported gross earnings of 2,470,000 marks in 1915 as against 1,860,000 marks in 1914, the increase being accomplished in a full year of war. The German shipyards are extending their facilities to cope with the increased demand for tonnage. A new shipyard is to be built at Lubeck, the Henry Koch Company, of 15,000 tons steamers, the old shipyard having limited them to 8,000-ton boats. The English have been astounded by the amount of steel the Germans have been supplying to the Dutch shipyards. They cannot conceive of German steel mills being able to roll plates when steel is needed for munitions. An English friend of mine recently declared, "We may take over the German mercantile fleet when the time comes—in lieu of indemnity—and other countries may do as have Italy and Portugal, but we have to reckon with the recuperative power of Germany, and if we cannot best German shipbuilding fair and square on prices and costs, the less we say about our supremacy the better. For there is to be no sentiment in the war after the war."

Japan a Strong Factor

The Japanese government in its astute foreign trade propaganda is not allowing the opportunity in shipping to slip away. In the fiscal year ended March 31, 1916, the Imperial Japanese Gov-

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ernment granted shipbuilding subsidies amounting to 1,000,000 yen ($797,600), this being apportioned to fifteen ships of 68,104 tons. Thus, while the Japanese lines must pay much more for their boats because of the fact that steel must be bought here and not in Germany or England, the subsidy helps to offset the increased cost. The Nippon Yusen Kaisha and the Osaka Shosen Kaisha have not allowed grass to grow under their feet now that the Pacific Mail has withdrawn from the Pacific trade. The Toyo Kisen Kaisha bought the steamers Siberia and Korea from the International Mercantile Marine Company a short time ago, and they are building four fine steamers in Japan. W. R. Grace & Co., who control the Pacific Mail now, plan to go back on the Pacific this summer, but they will find the Japs ready for them. With cheap labor in shipbuilding, large Government grants for construction and operation as against American high labor and high operating costs, the fight is bound to be one-sided.

Since the beginning of the year, the Japs have increased their shipbuilding facilities from eighteen to thirty-seven yards and 40,000 shipbuilding mechanics are employed in these yards. The Osaka Iron Works, the Mitsubishi yards, the Kawasaki yards, the Watsuo Iron Works, the Uraga Dock Yards, the Harima Dockyards and other important concerns have enough orders to keep them busy up to 1919. Skilled Japanese laborers get 70 to 75 yen a day (about 34 to 37 cents a day) while in this country riveters get from $5 to $6 a day. This matter of labor cost alone is sufficient to put American boats out of the running.

I have before me a statement prepared by the director of the Shipping Affairs Bureau of the Ministry of Communications, in which it is asserted that Japan has 272 tramp steamers of over 1,000 tons each, the actual tonnage being 715,012 tons. The Toyo Kisen Kaisha thought it good business to pay $2,000,000 each for the Siberia and Korea, although the International Mercantile Marine only paid $1,000,000 each for them when it purchased the Pacific Mail fleet.

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